

APRIL

TWENTY FIVE
CENTS

CARTOONS MAGAZINE



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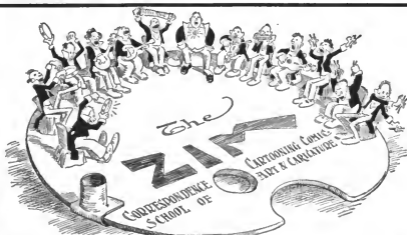


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Please Mention Cartoons



The Landon

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School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1917

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If you like to draw you can utilize your spare time in a practical way by studying with THE LANDON SCHOOL. You can develop your ability while living at home. The fact that so many students of this School are now doing successful work proves the efficiency of the Landon Course of lessons and criticism service. Bear in mind that it isn't only an occasional student who learns to draw through this School. LANDON PUPILS ARE EMPLOYED FROM COAST TO COAST. The fact that their services are satisfactory is proven by the increasing number of newspapers who are employing not only one Landon pupil, but two, three, and even more.

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What is Your Occupation? DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?



No matter where you live or what your occupation may be, if you are spending any time at all in amusing yourself by drawing, why not devote that same time in a *practical way* so you will be able to do better work?

Among our students are Doctors, Bankers, Lawyers, Architects, Merchants, Actors, Chauffeurs, Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineers, College Professors, Plumbers, Army and Navy Officers, Carpenters, Telegraphers, Railway Men, etc., etc.

As there is no fixed time for the completion of the lessons, it will be a MENTAL RELAXATION to work at them and not a task. Nothing is more interesting to a person who has ideas, than to be able to draw them on paper. Even tho you spend only *one hour a week* at drawing, why not *make that one hour count?*

If you are attending school or college why not become more proficient? It is an honor to be the *class cartoonist*. Quite a number of our students draw for their school papers.

Are you one of those who say —

*"I can make a good copy but
I can't draw an original"*

If you can make a good copy you should have no trouble in soon being able to draw a good original, but you must go about it in a *practical way*.

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Volume 11

APRIL, 1917

Number 4

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO



Captain Bruce Bairnsfather in The Bystander, London

ENTANGLEMENTS

"Come on, Bert; it's safer in the trenches."

MORE and more sinister since our break with Germany have grown the kaiser's moves. In view of actual facts the reference by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg to the traditional friendship cherished by Germany as "an heirloom from Frederick the Great" seems like a hollow mockery. While at the present writing no "overt act" has actually been committed, it has evidently been Germany's policy to try the patience of the United States to the limit. Probably before these words appear in print, the policy of armed neutrality decided on by President Wilson as defense against open piracy will have developed into something more nearly approaching real warfare.

The kaiser's firm adherence to his submarine program, the unwarranted detention of Ambassador Gerard and the American consuls, the holding as prisoners of war of the Americans on the "Yarrow-

The Unmasking Kaiser

dale," the attempts on the part of German skippers to scuttle their ships interned in American ports, the outbreak of a revolution in Cuba, Carranza's absurd peace proclamation, proposing an embargo on the belligerent nations—such incidents form anything but an attractive chapter.

These, however, were but petty annoyances compared with the cowardly attack on the Cunarder "Laconia," the destruction of that vessel without warning, and the murder of three Americans, whose lives yet may be avenged.

Then, to cap the climax, came the revelation of the German conspiracy, a plot clumsy enough in its execution, but ugly in design, to combine Japan and Mexico against us. Typically German was the scheme whereby Mexico was to invade America and regain the "lost provinces" of New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, and to use the bewhiskered First Chief as a cat's paw. The German ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, who is apparently cast in the same mold as the late lamented Duffie, naturally had a finger in the pie, a fact known to President Wilson when he gave the conspirator safe conduct to Berlin.

Also, with such facts in his possession, President Wilson was opposed by congress in his plans to deal fully with the situation. He had to contend with such patriots as Kitchin, Mann, and Cooper in the house;



KIRBY in New York World

Waiting for Orders

of the

Stone, LaFollette, and others in the senate, while on the side lines William J. Bryan was doing his best to deliver up the country to the hands of Wilhelm II. The intercepted note from Doctor Zimmerman, the German foreign minister, to von Eckhardt, the kaiser's minister in Mexico City, however, galvanized congress into action, and the president, while he has not been given blanket authority, has found himself less hampered as a result. The arming of our merchant liners will at least be an assertion of our rights to the free use of the high seas, and will place this country in a more dignified attitude than when our entire fleet was confined to home ports, fearful of venturing forth because of submarines.

That Germany virtually declared war on us by trying to involve Mexico and Japan as armed foes of the United States is conceded emphatically by the London press. The unmasking of the kaiser naturally created a sensation in the British Isles, and newspaper comment was extensive.

Perhaps next to the effect of the news in America, the attitude of Japan excited the public mind most. Nowhere, however, did the idea prevail for a moment that Japan could be detached from the entente alliance. Altogether, while the greatest confidence is felt that such an intrigue could only recoil on its authors, the British public is watching with greatest interest further details and developments.

The London Daily News, in an editorial, says:

"The German proposals were doubtless marked by a certain superficial astuteness,



KIRBY in New York World

Summoning the Neutrals

but only Germany could believe that solicitation by such a state as Mexico would suffice to detach Japan from the entente. Credulity which could contemplate such an intrigue springs from mental infirmity."

The News assumes that the moment chosen to divulge the plot was selected in order to clear the president's path in congress, and it considers that even the pro-Germans will be swung into line with the majority of Americans, for, it adds, "they would be as reluctant as Roosevelt himself to find themselves the subjects of Japan or Mexico."

The Daily Telegraph declares that but for Senator Swanson's statement regarding the authenticity of the German revelations it could hardly have been brought to believe in the existence of "such a compound of knavery and idiocy," which it also describes as "the supreme deed of the war, only equalled in dastardly character by its ridiculous aspect."

The Telegraph expects Japan will meet the incident with a declaration "which will once for all convince the American people



LOUIS RAEMAEKERS in Land and Water, London

HUMANITY TORPEDOED

"Seems to be a neutral—send him down."



FRITS GAREIS in Die Muskete, Vienna

The U-Maidens at Dover



KIRBY in
New York World
At Your Service,
Sire

that they have as little cause to fear the Japanese as the British dominions in the Pacific have."

The Telegraph regards the matter as tantamount to an act of war, and concludes with the following:

"We are glad that the revelations were made at this juncture, because they will convey to the other neutrals further proof of the importance to be attached to Germany's asseverations of friendship."

The Daily Chronicle thinks Germany's attempt with Mexico on a par with her other activities, but, adds the paper, "it is not often that such a completely damning document is brought to light at such a dramatic moment."

"The disclosure," the paper continues, "ought to clear the air. It reveals the chancellor's recent speech in the reichstag as a first-class piece

of hypocrisy and should show every congressman in whose mind the interests of the United States rank first that those interests are in real peril and that the situation is much too serious to be trifled with.

"War seems to have been made inevitable, and the problem is no longer how to evade it, but how to surmount it."

The Express says: "President Wilson still clings to the discredited policy of 'wait and see.' He has, indeed, seen much, but still waits."

That the revelations of the German plot were even too much for the

German-language press in the United States is indicated from the tone of the following editorial in the Illinois Staats-Zeitung.

"Germany is fighting for her national existence and may think it wise and proper to drag the United States into the war; or wise and proper to adopt any course



CASSEL
in New York
Evening World, ©

Again?



KIRBY in New York World

A Birthday Toast



NELSON in St. Paul Pioneer Press

"We're coming, Father Abraham, one hundred million strong."



BERNARD PARTRIDGE in Punch, © London

THE ROAD TO VICTORY

Germany: "Are we nearly there, All Highest?"

All Highest: "Yes, we're getting near the end now."



ALFORD in Baltimore Star

A Valentine for the Kaiser



Copyright, Press Publishing Co.
CASSEL in New York Evening World
Held for Ransom

whatsoever that will injure her enemies. But that will not be sufficient to persuade Americans that Germany is justified in proposing an alliance with Mexico to the injury of the United States or for the violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

"If the published version of a note signed 'Zimmermann' is actually the correct copy of an authentic communication signed by the minister of foreign affairs of Germany, then Germany has committed an act of unfriendliness toward our country.

"It would be very regrettable that Germany should, at any time, propose an 'offensive alliance' to Mexico, and the fact that German people are hungry will not be considered a good enough excuse for overlooking the affront to

the United States contained in the alleged 'Zimmermann' note of Jan. 19, 1917, to Mexico."

Says the Chicago Evening Post:

"There now stands before the people of the United States official proof that the German imperial government has both inspired and officially proposed a plot to dismember the United States, to bring about the armed invasion of the United States, to stir to combined war against us two nations now at peace with the United States.

"The note from Foreign Minister Zimmermann to Ambassador von Eckhardt in Mexico 'proves motive.'

"That is its importance. It removes forever all the cobweb of pretense with which the German government and the German ambassador have so ably concealed their intentions since



KIRBY in New York World

Awaiting the Overt Act



DARLING in New York Tribune

Nobody But Himself to Blame



CASSEL is New York Evening World

Without Warning!

But the American flag still wavers.

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decision was made to embark upon 'ruthless submarine warfare'—to quote the exact words of Mr. Zimmermann.

"Events puzzling and contradictory in themselves must now fall easily into their proper place in the scheme of things. The purpose back of them is made clear. We can now see that the late German ambassador served not the goddess of truth but the direct material interests of his imperial master. We can see why the interned German ships were disabled by their crews. We can see why Gerard was held hostage and the Yarrowdale prisoners not released. We can see the fundamental insincerity of the German chancellor's declaration of his bewilderment at our 'brusque' break-off of relations.

"From the raising of this veil this newspaper at least seeks to stir no more vengeful hatred against the power that has deceived and wronged us for so many months. We believe that our people, like all the war peoples, have passed through a baptism of that hatred. It may come back if sub-



SCOTT is Cleveland Leader

Will It Go Back to This?



KIRBY in New York World

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.
"Vot boat vos dot?"



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Fashion Hint from Berlin



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

The Goat



DARLING in New York Tribune

So That's the Animal We've Been Trying to Keep Peace With!

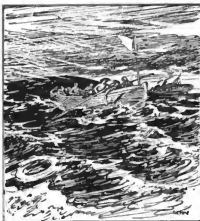
marines and Zeppelins bring death to our own soil, but today the Zimmermann note must render us far more important service.

"It must carry forward one step farther the admirable spirit of unity with which the country as a whole has met this long drawn out and in many ways obscure crisis."

The program mapped out for Carranza, in the opinion of the New York Times, was sufficiently grotesque, "but not less so than the rôle assigned to Japan." The Times proceeds:

"It is an extraordinary story, but it shows that we acted none too soon in severing our relations with Germany and in sending home the ambassador who was her instrument in the effort to raise up enemies against us."

The American, as well as the French and British press, regards the sinking of the "Laconia" with the loss of American lives as the overt act for which President Wilson has been waiting.



CESARE in New York Evening Post

The Lifeboat

Mrs. Hoy and her daughter, of Chicago, were washed overboard from a "Laconia" lifeboat.



DONAHAY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"You lose."

THE principal danger to America in the present crisis is from within. More dangerous even than the German agents, the paid spies, and the professional hyphenates, are those misguided rabbits, the pacifists. Living in a Utopia of their own creation, they, like

the Nikko monkeys, can see no evil, hear no evil, talk no evil. They are self-centered. They constitute their own little solar systems around which they revolve. They demand peace at any price. They care nothing for the rights of the United States or its citizens. They would as readily take a slap on one cheek as on the other, preferably on both. Trying, as they suppose, to steer the country out of the war shoals, they merely interfere with the pilot. Their course, if pursued, will lead more directly into war than the course charted by President Wilson. Instead of standing behind the president, they drape themselves around his feet. Like Lilliputians, they try to bind

Our Loyal and Citizens

the hands of their Gulliver. In congress they oppose universal military training. They block the plans for an increase in the general staff of the army. This "war with Germany," they say, is a plot hatched by the newspapers and the ammunition interests.

We have the spectacle of William J. Bryan, the ardent Chautauquan, wigwagging the kaiser, and trying to tip off President Wilson's hand. In conspiracy with Dr. George Barthelme, the Washington correspondent of the Cologne Gazette, and Dr. George Kirchwey, the former dean of the law school of Columbia University, the Great Commoner interprets for German ears the chief executive's message to congress. According to Bryan, Mr. Wilson is all bark and no bite. He doesn't mean what he says. He, too, is a pacifist.

We have the spectacle of Jane Addams, the head of Hull House, a woman whose influence among the foreign population of Chicago is considerable, going down to Washington to try to get the president to call off his dogs. Had she been in the pay of the German government she couldn't better have served the kaiser's ends.

We have Stone and La Follette in the senate: Kitchin, Mann, Cooper, London, and others in the house, playing Germany's game for all they're worth, hampering the president at every opportunity, and deliberately closing their eyes to the danger that



KIRBY in New York World

It Looks Good to Them

Disloyal

the country faces today.

Of all the group of so-called pacifists, Henry Ford alone has proved himself a man. He, too, had dreams of world peace, but he is no longer a visionary. In placing his entire resources at the disposal of the government without profit, he has proved himself a patriot of the first water.

The average American citizen who was brought up on "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and "The Star Spangled Banner," and George Washington, and to whom the Stars and Stripes appear as red, white and blue, instead of red, yellow, and blue, must have blushed for shame at the sight of these anti-war (and anti-American) demonstrations of German-inspired peace leagues that have been held recently.

Opposed to these cowards and shirkers, these ostriches and bunny rabbits, are the Americans of German parentage or descent, who, regardless of their love for Germany, will stand by the United States first and last. The rush of aliens for naturalization papers—one of the first results of the break with Germany—doesn't necessarily indicate loyalty on the part of this element of our population. Loyalty lies deeper. With many of these aliens it was a "safety first" measure, a measure taken to insure jobs or to avert suspicion. This class is not included among the real German-Americans, for whom strong words of encouragement and praise are due.

President Henry A. Weismann of the German-American Alliance undoubtedly speaks for thousands when he says:

"I don't think that any sensible man feels that the German government is right. My



KIRBY in New York World

"Kamerad!"

friends and I do not see how the president could have acted otherwise than he did. We stand behind him."

The Baltimore German Correspondent was one of the first of the German-American newspapers to point the way to its Teutonic readers with simple directness and good faith:

"We came here to become citizens of the United States of our own free will. We cut loose from the land where our cradle stood, took the oath of allegiance to the land of our selection. In this case our duties come first, no matter how much our hearts may bleed.

"Whoever now renounces the oath of allegiance which he took brings only disgrace to the land for which his heart bleeds. Therefore, remember that the United States is the land of the birth of our children and their children, while Germany is the land of our fathers. Here in the United States lies our future. Let the past be a memory only."

If Germany needs any help, let her not seek it from the German-Americans, but rather from those patriots in congress who



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CASSEL in New York Evening World
America First

have sought to embarrass the United States and give aid and comfort to our adversary. Is it any wonder that Germany has piled insults upon us, encouraged by the pacifist voice in our councils? As the New York Evening Sun puts it:

"Germany has one easy way of disposing of the American peril. It takes hardly more than a stroke of the pen. By returning to standards of law and humanity in her submarine campaign and by acting with ordinary decency toward Americans in Germany she can relax the present tension in an hour. Why does she not do it? Until she does, why should American congressmen, men chosen to represent the American people, fight her battles, defend her misconduct and blacken those who are trying to hold her in check?

"Above all, why should men, sworn to serve the interests of the United States above all things, play the game of her rivals and her enemies, present and prospective, by seeking to impede and hinder naval and military preparation necessary to her protection and defense, not only against Germany but against England, Japan, Turkey, any and all other powers?

Can they not see that if the country is to uphold its independence, maintain its rights and its station in the family of nations, it must have the physical means of doing so?"

Under the caption "The Pacifists and Their Folly," the Cleveland Plain Dealer prints a stirring editorial. It says in part:



NELSON in St. Paul Pioneer Press

Bubbles That Burst



ROGERS in New York Herald

Barthelme, Kirchwey, and Daniels, Successors to Dumba & Co.



KIRBY in New York World

American Munition Maker: "It means nothing to me."

"Americans now urging their government to accept disgraceful conditions as the price of peace are false to their nation, false to themselves and false to the cause they advocate."

"By insisting that peace is more important than principle these ultrapacifists, well-meaning for the most part but sadly misdirected, are making peace the more difficult to maintain. By demanding that the United States shall keep out of war, even at the cost of national honor and at the sacrifice of rights sacred for generations, these pacifists are daily bringing the nation nearer to the verge of war."

"The best friend of peace today is the American who stands unflinchingly behind the president of the United States, who would rather fight than see his country's flag dragged down in shame, who is in no mood to swallow insult and in no temper to acquiesce in the impudent and humil-



KIRBY in
New York World
Expounding the
Scriptures

iating demands of any foreign power.

"Pacifists now besieging the president to modify his stand against German aggressions—like their ridiculous brethren who ask congress to decree that no war shall be declared without a nation-wide referendum—are merely playing Germany's own game. They are doing precisely what the kaiser would have them do. They are making themselves agents of a propaganda with which America is already too familiar—a propaganda calculated to divide American allegiance, to disrupt American counsels and to cripple the nation in such a way that united action in a crisis would be extremely difficult."

We read further in the Washington Star:

"Pacifism does not aid at a crisis like this. The president of the United States is probably as staunch a pacifist in the best sense as there is to-



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CASSEL in New York Evening World

Standing behind Uncle Sam



From Providence Journal

Propagandist: "Tut, tut, Sam, it isn't dignified to fight."



GREENE in New York Evening Telegram
Can the Leopard Change His Spots?

day in the United States. He was reelected to his office largely on the sentiment 'he kept us out of war.' It is known that in this crisis he is moving with the greatest care and caution to avoid precipitating a conflict with Germany, and is desirous that if a break should come it shall be on the initiative of the other power.

"But the United States cannot now withdraw from its established position without a complete loss of prestige as a world power and without a deep sense of humiliation at home. No number of mass meetings in the name of pacifism can justify a lessening of the demand that Germany respect implicitly the principles of humanity and international law which have been laid down in the American notes to her, and on the terms of the last of which diplomatic relations have now been severed because of Germany's violation of pledge."

"Seeking peace," to quote the New York Times, "the pacifists are but inviting war." We read:

"We have no doubt that the chief dan-



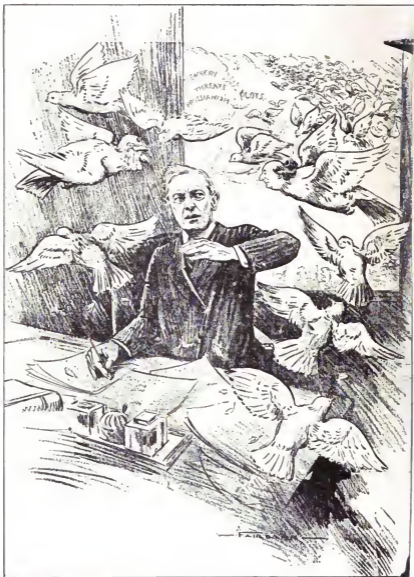
DONAHAY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Yodlers



KIRBY in New York World

Shipmates



FAIRBANK in Brooklyn Eagle

The Mock Turtledoves

ger of war with Germany at the present moment arises from the activities and the propaganda of the pacifists. We know the effect of their propaganda abroad. It immensely strengthens the hands of the party of ruthlessness in Germany, it weakens the German chancellor's and the German government's power of resistance to the extremists, throughout Germany it creates the belief that the Americans are divided, that the president cannot command the support of congress for the defense of our commerce, that we will not fight. Dispatches from Vienna show how attentively the peace propaganda here is watched and followed in Teutonic circles; in particular, the hopes they are building upon the pacifist temper which they suppose controls congress."

The people of the United States, according to the Providence Journal, a paper which has done more to expose German plots than any other in the country, will not be deceived by the German conspirators in their new, insidious rôle of peacemakers.




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BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail
The Ostrich

The German propaganda in America, this paper says, has just begun.



DARLING in New York Tribune

Tipping Off His Hand

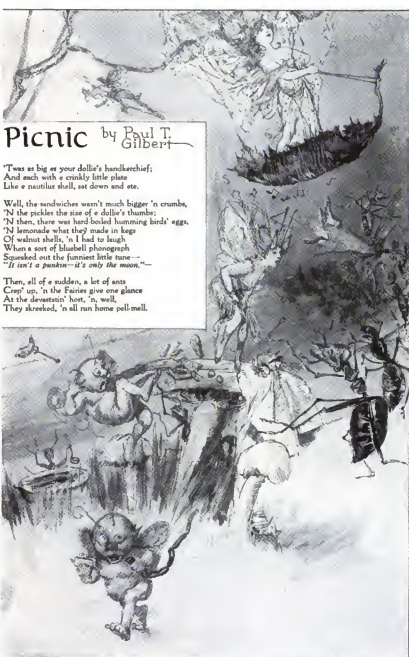


The Fairies'

TELL you a story? Well, what d'ye s'pose—
That I'm **MADE** of stories?—Well, then,
here goes;

I'll tell you—I'll tell you—Le' me see—
You, Etta May, sit here on my knee,
And you down there, Marge—There; that's right—
Of the Faires' picnic I seen last night
While tha moon, like a little yellow fish,
Stood on its tail with the sky for a dais.

Well, the Fairy folks was all there—What?
Yes, there was little Forget-me-not,
And Trumpet Flower, 'n Pansy Seed,
And all the rest on the moon-touched mead,
'N they strung up their hammocks of cobweb there,
'N spread out a tablecloth as fair
As a snowflake; to my best belief



Picnic

by Paul T. Gilbert

'Twas as big as your dollie's handkerchief;
And each with a crinkly little plate
Like a nautilus shell, sat down and ate.

Well, the sandwiches wasn't much bigger 'n crumbs,
'N the pickles the size of a dollie's thumbs;
'N then, there was hard-boiled humming birds' eggs,
'N lemonade what they made in kegs
Of walnut shells, 'n I had to laugh
When a sort of bluebell phonograph
Squeaked out the funniest little tune—
"It ain't a punkin—it's only the moon."

Then, all of a sudden, a lot of ants
Crep' up, 'n the Fairies give one glance
At the devastatin' host, 'n, well,
They shrieked, 'n all run home pell-mell.

WHILE interest in the war has been centered mainly on Germany's ruthless U-boat campaign, the armies on the European battlefields have not been idle. News reaches us from the Balkans of a drive by Mackensen. From the eastern front we have heard little. Many of the foreign cartoons still send their shafts of satire at the "liberation" of Poland, while the Germans continue to make merry over the discomfiture of the allies in Greece and Roumania.

From the Somme front, however, comes important news telling of the steady retirement of the German lines. Coupled with this is the story of how British pluck has revenged the capture of General Townshend's forces in the Tigris town of Kut-el-Amara, by taking possession of this stronghold and driving the Turks into the interior of Asia Minor.

Peace With The in Europe

The British successes in the west seem to forecast a vigorous spring drive which may be expected with the arrival of good weather. The Germans, in extenuation of their retreat, announce that they have merely dropped back to occupy better fortified positions, to save men, and to straighten their line. There may be some truth in these statements, especially as the characteristic resistance seems to have been lacking. Analyzing the recent movements on the Ancre, the Montreal Star says:

"It is always possible that the Germans think that they have discovered the answer,

in the form of improved trenches, to our gun superiority, and that they have applied this new theory to entrenchments constructed behind those they were holding. That is, they could not construct novelties under our devastating fire and in constant fear of an attack. So they constructed them farther back and then retired to them. Or it may be that these positions they abandoned were simply too costly to defend, thus showing that at last they value men more than terrain. Or they may be preparing to straighten and shorten their front, which would indicate that this retirement is but one of a series. That the retirement reaches nearly to the apex of their Gommecourt salient, points to this latter theory. However, we shall soon know. What we know already is that they now put more value on men than they



From Iberia, Barcelona

FREEDOM FOR POLAND
 Poland: "And what must I put in that?"
 Liberator: "Your head."
 The basin is labeled "Autonomy."

Sword

formerly did, and that we have won a large section of territory without paying the usual price."

The German abandonment of six square miles or more of trenches along the Ancre and the Somme, the Cleveland Plain Dealer, points out, gives the entente the greatest territorial gain on the western front since the battle of the Marne. The Plain Dealer proceeds:

"It renders inevitable, London believes, the evacuation of Bapaume, the key to the German defensive line in that sector, and may well prove but the prelude to a general retirement. The real objective of the French and British is St. Quentin, to the south and east of Peronne, and the fall of Bapaume is expected to open the road to both those cities. The French have already assailed Peronne from three sides, and the British gains to the north of them may bring quick results.

"Such territorial gains will be hailed with rejoicing in Paris and London and Petrograd, but the breaching of the German wall seems but little nearer than before. The German retirement is cheering to the allies. It signifies nothing decisive."

Says the Brooklyn Eagle:

"The sudden evacuation of Serre, Miramont and other positions in the Somme sector by the Germans dramatically foreshadows the beginning of operations on a large scale on the western front. While it was supposed that the renewal of activity only waited upon the weather, it was expected that the struggle would be started with the usual overture of big guns, followed by drives on both sides. Instead,



LOUIS RAEMAEKERS in Lead and Water, London

The Crown Prince Leaves Pepper Hill to Occupy a Previously Prepared Second Line of Defense.

it is quite probable that before desperate fighting of the kind witnessed at Verdun and on the Somme gets under way again there will be many changes brought about, as was the recent retirement, without being heralded.

"The Anglo-French offensive on the Somme led to the conviction that the German line would be broken when the fighting was resumed, and that this in turn would cause the invaders to fall back over a wide front to prepared positions many miles behind the positions held since the struggle settled down to trench warfare. To force such a retirement was the first task of the allies in the new spring effort. It is too early yet to say that the allies are to be anticipated by the Germans falling back without serious resistance until new positions are reached, but something of the kind is suggested by the giving up of such strongholds as those at Serre, which successfully withstood the fiercest attacks throughout the allied offensive last fall."



Frum Der Brummer, © Berlin

Poland—the New Sleeping Beauty

This is the first time since 1914, the New York Times observes, that the Germans have had to withdraw in order to shorten their lines or for other reasons. We read further:

"They have retreated because the position they held on the Ancre is no longer tenable, and have taken up a position which they hope to hold. This is the result of several weeks' steady pushing by the British. Never before have the Germans voluntarily retreated since the present lines were first formed. They were forced back many times last year, but they evacuated no positions. What is the bearing of this new development on the drive that is soon to begin?"

The Times, basing its opinion on General Haig's fall report, believes that the Germans have not as yet had time to repair the losses they have suffered.

"The respite," it continues, "was undoubtedly used to the utmost extent; the spring drive has not begun; but already the Germans find themselves unable to resist the British advance and give way. Their power of resistance, impaired last fall, remains impaired. It is a good augury for the success of the allies, and it is the meaning of the German withdrawal."

Discussing Kut and the Somme offensive, the Philadelphia Public Ledger observes:

"The rejoicing in England over the success of the offensive operations on the lower Tigris, by which Kut-el-Amara has been retaken by the British forces under General Maude, is coupled with what looks like a considerable advance north of the Somme in France. If the Somme advance indicates also a withdrawal of the Germans to the Arras-Cambrai line, it is easy to understand how this initial success at this early day, even if only a few miles are gained, heartens the men in the trenches. Be the seesaw in the west what it may before the real spring drive begins, the success at Kut is the most important event in a year in the way of the larger strategy of a war that covers the seven seas and the continents of



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BRINKERHOFF in New York Evening Mail

The Fight for Small Nations

Europe and Asia in its appalling scope.

"For not only does the recapture of Kut wipe out the disgrace of the surrender of General Townshend last April, but, since this time the advance up the Tigris is carried on with careful calculations and with communications intact, even though Bagdad, the objective, be a hundred miles away, its gradual investment is surely forecast, and, above all, the dream of Germany of an open Berlin-to-Bagdad roadway and sweep toward India is over. Moreover, the recent march of another detachment of British troops thousands of miles to the relief of British and Russian authority in central

Persia is another part of the same problem for England, which is to hold as much of Asia Minor as is necessary until the Russian advance in Armenia will enable a juncture with the British troops on the Tigris—a not impossible event now or in the fairly near future in view of the fact that the Turkish troops are slowly falling back, 'strategically,' perhaps, but still falling back, and have given up their offensive.

"As for the western front, if there is any evidence of withdrawal of the Germans to prepared lines to the north, it ought not to be long before whatever menace there

is in the new British offensive, which has taken over a much larger area of the region north of the Somme than was the case last year, will make itself felt, even if haste is made slowly."

As for the activities in the Balkans, further successes by von Falkenhayn against Sarraill's long line in Macedonia, and especially the attacks upon the Serbs and Italians on the allied left near Monastir, indicate that the Germans are holding their own in this theater. Regarding this campaign the Cleveland Plain Dealer says:

"The Balkans, in the minds of the allies, grow hourly in importance. They do not hope that on eastern or western front the Ger-



From Kladderadatsch, © Berlin

BY THE AEGEAN SEA

Tommy Atkins: "Hallo! It's wobbling!"



From Simplicissimus, © Munich

THE DELUGE IN ROUMANIA

Ferdinand: "It's little comfort to know that I'm insured in Russia."



NORMAN LINDSAY in Sydney Bulletin

A NEW SCRAP OF PAPER

Kaiser: "I will guarantee you your liberty. I will sign the bond in the blood of Belgium, whose liberty I guaranteed, too."

man line will bend, and crack, and break to let through raiding cavalry, and marching infantry and field artillery to a battle in the open. They must be content with nibbling. In the Balkans there has been no pitched battle for many months. London and Paris and Rome have waited long for an assault which held the promise of the crushing of Bulgaria and the severing of German communications with the Turks. Now, when all seemed ready, when Sarrail had pounded his half-dozen nationalities into an effective force, the Germans strike first.

"Initial successes on their part may well mean months more of weary waiting. The Verdun drive postponed the great push on the western front. The conquest of Roumania has made a great offensive on the east unlikely. Is the war in the Balkans to take a similar turn? If it does, if there is stalemate there as on the other fronts, German prescience will have scored again. Perennially the allies make ready to attack. And the Germans, it would appear, anticipate that attack, and nullify its effects by striking first."



From Soodinik, Moscow

POLAND AND GERMANY

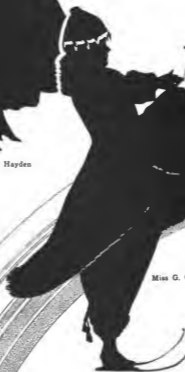
"I love her so much that I choked her in my embrace. Now I shall throw her into the sea. The people will say that she has committed suicide."

Silhouetted at the

by Beatrix



Miss Ruth Hayden



Miss G. Clendennis



Miss Yoemans

A Few of Fortune's Favorites at the Fête de Vanité,

Fête de Vanité

Sherman

Miss
Annis
Voemans

Miss Phyllis Brown

Miss Helen Barrett

Held Recently at the Plaza Hotel, New York.

How The Comickers

by William



I KNOW a certain captain of industry who looks forward eagerly to Sunday morning. He has instructed the newsboy to leave copies of every Sunday paper at his door. He is up early and until noon is buried under a huge pile of comic supplements containing the polychromatic adventures of Hans und Fritz and the scores of other impossible characters who are setting, for better or worse, their stamp on pictorial art and humor in America.

The comic strip is essentially an American institution, and each series like a baseball team, has its coterie of followers. Its appeal is universal, cosmopolitan. The Wall Street capitalist and the little shop girl have a common interest in these crude, hastily drawn pictures.

You know yourself how disappointed you feel if your favorite character fails to appear; how pleased you are when he coins a new slang phrase like "Oh, boy!" Perhaps you like him because he is essentially so true to life; because, despite his violences in the matter of brick-



Hans und Fritz—Der

Regard Their Characters

P. Langreich

bats and barrel staves, he reflects the foibles and failings of humanity.

Did you ever wonder how the artists themselves regarded their characters, what they thought of them, how they originated them? These little pen-and-ink people are as constantly in the thoughts of their creators as wheat in the thoughts of a board-of-trade man. Like good little devils, or genii, they work hard for their masters and earn for them their advertised salaries. Do the comic-makers love them or hate them, and, as the arithmetics say, how much?

Well, take "Jerry on the Job," and "Abie the Agent," created respectively by Hoban and Hershfield for the New York Journal. Abie, according to the latter, is adored by every Jew in the United States. About the time "Tad" discovered that "Ish kabibble" was Yiddish for "I should worry," Arthur Brisbane, the editor, realized that as every third person in New York was a Hebrew, the race was entitled to a comic character of its own, provided it was drawn by a Jewish artist with Jewish sympa-



R. DIRKS in New York World

Goat Is Ge-Fixed



Evidently Knows This Is Thrift Day

Hoban came from Philadelphia to draw sport cartoons for the Journal. The paper wanted a new comic strip, however, and "Jerry on the Job" was the result. Jerry is a Horatio Alger kind of boy, full of ambition, and with a tendency to put his finger into more pie than he can eat. He started his career as office boy for Mr. Flipp, and in this capacity tried to get gay with "Pinkie," the bookkeeper, and Myrtle, the stenographer, whose clothes were like a fashion plate. Hoban predicted at the time that so good a character was bound to rise in life. Now he is station master on a one-horse

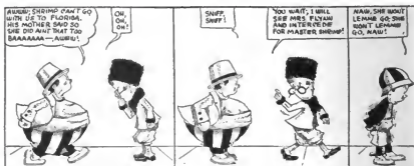
railroad which runs between New Monia and Jerry's nameless town.

"It may not be as long a line as some others," Hoban explains, "but it's just as wide."

Of course Jerry's advancement was not mercurial; it was slow, but sure. From office boy he became salesman for a haberdashery concern. He was employed once as a messenger. He worked in department stores, was candy butcher on an accommodation train, and later almost got a job as an actor, but he was always "Jerry on the Job."



but You can't Kid a Woodpecker



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Ua Boys—Oh, It can't Have

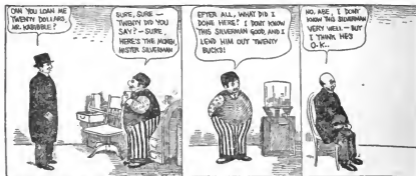
Jerry has now been with the railroad for a year, and according to Hoban's file, has sold six one-way tickets to New Monia. Round-trip tickets are not popular, because who's foolish enough to go to New Monia when he wants to come back? It's twice as cheap to stay in town. To Hoban, Jerry is something like a kid brother. He tries to keep him out of scrapes, and altogether keeps a paternal eye on him.

To Bud Fisher, "Mutt and Jeff" are human beings. They're with him constantly, play tag on his pillow, sit beside him at his table, and hitch behind on his automobile. Mutt was born in San Francisco, and made his debut in the Chronicle. He was a follower of the sport of kings, and lost oodles of money guessing the speed of the bangtails. Some time later Fisher was burlesquing a famous criminal trial, and of forty-seven

characters introduced, little Jeff, originally a judge, became permanent. He survived, unfortunately for him, to become Mutt's pal, and here they are.

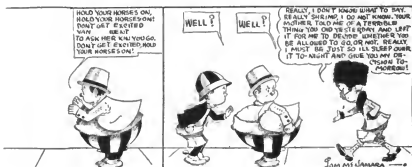
Fisher will tell you that when he's drawing he imagines himself in the place of his characters, but I happen to know for whom he'd rather substitute—Jeff, curiously enough, little Jeff, who usually gets a bowl of soup or a brickbat in the final picture. Mutt and Jeff have made the fortune of their originator. They are in the movies, of course, and are known all around the world. This season Fisher had six companies on the road presenting "Mutt and Jeff" musical comedies.

Herriman, while sport cartoonist for a Los Angeles paper, used to draw a funny cat in the corner of his daily masterpiece. One day an associate approached him and



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Abie the Agent—Able's Got



Been Anything so Awful, Awful Bad

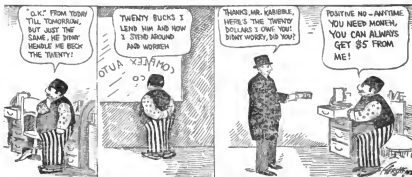
said, "That thing is a cat, but it isn't a cat." Whereupon Herriman decided that it must be a "Kat." But even as a Kat it was crazy, and so "Krazy Kat," the popular kino and comic-strip feature, came into existence.

When Herriman came to New York to draw the "Dingbats" he forgot Krazy for awhile. In an idle moment, however, he introduced a mouse into his strip. Not to make the rodent feel lonesome, he added a cat, intending, of course, to have the latter eat the mouse. But his better nature asserted itself, and as this was supposed to be a comic, he had the mouse pick up a marble and hit Krazy Kat (for it was none other) between the eyes.

Willie, the office boy, declared that the Kat-mouse incident was the funniest thing he had ever seen, and asked the artist to repeat it, which he did. In course of time

Krazy and Ignatz (the mouse was named that at the suggestion of a fortune teller) developed into a feature of their own. Herriman, however, is rather indifferent to the pair.

If you were ever a "regular kid," and tasted unalloyed the joys of boyhood, you will appreciate McNamara's "Us Boys." They're as natural as kids can be, not the clever or impossible type, but true to life. Possibly this is due to the artist's method of working. He sits down to his drawing board, sketches in one of the characters, and then proceeds to think. "What would I do," he asks himself, "if I were in this kid's place?" Would he jump into a puddle, collect the rest of the gang and start a ball game, or try to sneak into the movies? When the day's program is decided, the picture moves on.



Better Control This Time

The origin of "Us Boys" dates back several years and takes us to Denver. The sporting editor of the paper McNamara worked for was appointed president of a small baseball league. So, just as a joke, "Mac" wrote a story about a youngster named Puggy Mullane who had been elected president of the Sand Lot League. Other stories of a similar nature followed, telling of the league's new grounds, and finally announcing the opening game. When the great day arrived "Mac" was kept busy apologizing to his readers, hundreds of whom had gone out to the "sand lot," for not pulling off a game. He remembered Puggy when he came to New York after a season in vaudeville. Most of "Us Boys" are taken bodily from life, but Shrimp Flynn is the kid McNamara himself would like to have been.

When the Thaw trial began, Dorgan ("Tad's" Sunday name) originated "Bunk," a dog supposed to impersonate the defendant at the trial. "A Sausage Murder Case" was the title of a burlesque on the proceedings. Bunk and other dogs, the prototypes of "Silk Hat Harry," were much in evidence until Judge Rumhauser made his entrance. "Rummy," who, to quote "Tad,"

is as near like a magistrate as anybody, soon became so popular that he alone survived.

"Tad" likes to drive a car, and while he is careful not to exceed Gotham's speed limit of three hundred miles an hour, he has occasionally been arrested and fined. So he revenges himself on judges by making Rumhauser cartoons.

Rudolph Dirks, the father of the Katzenjammer Kids, has been identified with Hans und Fritz for more than twenty years. Like Peter Pan they never grow old. When he began making them for the New York Journal, there were four kids and a mamma. Then came Uncle Heine and the elimination of two of the children. Heinie took the family to visit his ship one day, and they met the Captain who proved himself indispensable to Dirks.

Possibly you have noted in connection with the Katzenjammer family that mamma hasn't changed her style of dress for twenty years. When she was born "balloon" sleeves were in vogue, but unlike the ordinary comic character, Mrs. Katzenjammer has ignored the styles. Dirks doesn't think about Hans und Fritz any more. They've grown to be a part of him just as your nose is a part of your face.



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A "Judge Rumhauser" Cartoon by "Tad"

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman and Robert O. Ryder



We asked the young lady across the way if longevity ran in her family and she said her father was getting a little stout but her mother kept her figure very well.



We asked the young lady across the way if her father was much of a reader and she said O yes he was ever so much more bibulous than you'd think.



We asked the young lady across the way if she believed in capital punishment and she said she supposed it was necessary in some cases but it ought not to be too severe.

IF I ONLY
HAD A
DROP OR
TWO



A DROP



The indications are: A drop or two of rain.



Waiting for a drop.

O WE'LL
HAVE COLD
WEATHER
YIT!



A drop prophesied.



One drop
too
many

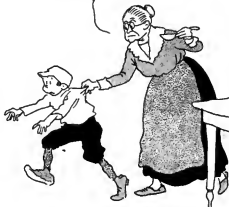


OR

TWO

BY
-King-

NOW HOLD STILL, EGBERT.
GRANDMA HAS SOME NICE
QUININE BITTERS FOR
YOU



Only a drop
or two.



The drop on him.



A drop or two in "Bone Dry"
territory.

Why Artists Go Mad

by Ralph Barton



Richard and Irma in the Street, or, Perhaps, Richard, Jr., and the Nurse in the House
An Illustration for "O, Happy Day!"

OF course (officially at least) nobody cares about original nationalities here in America, but, when one has taken his fortieth opponent in an argument to the dictionary and proven that the accent is on the second syllable and not on the first in the words *illustrate* and *illustrator*, one is surprised to find that the great grandfather of these words is the Latin verb *illustrare*, to make bright. If you ask any magazine writer to tell you what an illustration is he will insist that it should be an affair in paint or chalk or something that must so exactly repeat what he has said in words that it can do nothing but make *dull*. The second telling of a tale may flatter the first teller, but it hardly makes the tale more brilliant.

There is no record of Oscar Wilde's having put powdered glass into Aubrey Beardsley's chicken à la King because the remarkable Aubrey drew his Salomé having her hair done by a Pierrot and with Baudelaire and Zola on her Chinese-Sheraton dressing table; but let your modern illustrator draw two inverted chevrons instead of three on the arm of an obscure personage who is

once or twice addressed as "Sergeant" and see what happens! The author leaps with a howl of rage from his Morris chair and runs all the way from his lodgings in Gramercy Park to the office of the magazine waving a copy of the April number. He dashes past the charming girl at the Who-doyouwishtosee desk into the art editor's office and flings the magazine at that gentleman's head. "Ycu and that artist have conspired to ruin my story!" he roars. Nothing is right! Did the artist even read the story? That wasn't at all the type of girl he had in mind! Why has he put oblong regimental badges on the collar of the hero when the author has been at such pains to state that the hero belonged to the King's Own Yorkshires whose badges are rather roundish, as any idiot knows?

By this time, the entire staff of the magazine is standing about and a conference is held. The artist is called on the telephone, but is not at his studio. In a sanitarium over the hill the freshest entry in the record book reads, "Jack Robinson, *illustrator*. Went mad trying to divine what a certain

magazine writer's sweetheart looked like so that he could catch the 'type the author had in mind.'"

More than a few of Cartoons' readers will guess the only possible remedy for all this. Since no author has ever been satisfied with the illustrations to his story, the editorial staffs should oblige the authors to make their stories satisfactory to the illustrators. It would be practically impossible for any illustrator, using no matter what style, to go wrong on a story that ran, for example, like this:

O, HAPPY DAY!

Irma Hammersmith was a female woman who always wore, during the daytime, and amongst other things, a skirt. Sometimes she was happy and sometimes she was sad, and you never could tell when or under what circumstances she was going to be the one or the other. Her whole appearance was likely to change at any time.

One day when she was walking down a street in front of a perfectly blank wall, she met a man. The man was male and he wore a suit of clothes. Perhaps they smiled; and perhaps they did not. It may have been that they did not even look at each other and maybe they did and they loved as they did or did not.

They were so fearfully well-behaved that perhaps you might not have noticed that they loved on the surface.

"How do you do," remarked the man quite calmly as he managed to keep his arm out of any strange positions as he

tipped his hat. He was a perfect gentleman.

"I do not think I know you, sir," said Miss Hammersmith rather haughtily. "You look like most anybody to me."

"I am," answered the man, "anybody you choose to make me. I have the average man's character—subject to change under the influence of contact with other characters. Decent people find me decent. Vicious people find me vicious.

"I also have a name. It is Richard Smith. Some people think it suits me to a T; others don't. I am a Junior Lieutenant in the Navy, but I particularly dislike uniforms and never wear mine. As I am certain that you cannot tell by the expression in my eyes that I love you I shall take the liberty of telling you so, pop-out, like that. Let us marry."

"Done," said Irma.

"Do you think we might kiss?" asked Richard.

"Never," cried Irma, who could set up an awful outcry without having it show on her in the least degree. "Never will we kiss. Remember that kissing has already been suggested to anyone who might be listening to us and he is therefore now dwelling on his own past experiences in kissing and is enjoying it far more than he

would if he should see us with our faces together in an indistinguishable mass of noses and lips."

And so they were married.

A year later we find Richard and Irma in their little home in Japan. In the dainty living room, furnished in the Japanese man-



The Doctor, or Richard or Richard, Jr., if you prefer

ner with not a stick of furniture, Richard is waiting with splendid calm that mighty news that many year-old husbands wait for.

Presently the door to Irma's room is opened and a calm, male man walks up to Richard.

"I am the doctor," announces the man.

"You may and may not very well be, judging from your appearance," says Richard. "How are things going?"

"It is a strapping boy," the doctor answers.

The door opens again and a nurse (fe-

male) enters dressed in a uniform that she has evidently designed herself without particular heed to the usual thing in nurses' costumes. At least it is not a Red Cross uniform, nor exactly that of a sweet-faced sister of charity. It is rather a combination of a mozella and a balmoral, or perhaps of a camisole and a domino. She carries in her arms the new-born babe.

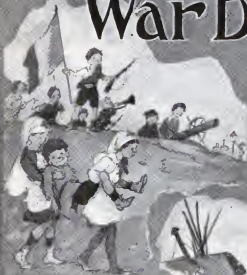
We are somewhat startled and surprised to find Richard Junior a full-grown and fully developed male man with whiskers and dressed in a suit of clothes.



Richard, Jr., and the Nurse in the House, Or, Perhaps, Richard and Irma in the Street

War Babies

by Poulbot



From *Le Rire*, ©

The Red Cross Sisters



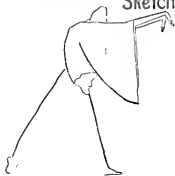
"What are yoo butting lo
for? Is this any of your
business?"
"Yes. I'm President Wil-
son."



"If you cry yoo'll oever be
a soldier."
"That's why I cry—the war
will be over."

The Life and Adventures

Sketches by George Tribout of Paris



SHORTLY before leaving Paris for the bedside of the gravely wounded Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, Ida Rubinstein, the most picturesque and original of Russian dancers, appeared in a new creation. She enacted the story of Helen of Troy as described in the poem of the Belgian author, Emile Verhaeren.

She did this in a series of dances and poses of great beauty and vividness, and each scene in the life of the famous Trojan beauty thus symbolized by Mlle. Rubinstein was sketched from life by Georges Tribout, the Parisian artist. His every line has in it the imprint of tragedy. M. Tribout has pictured the soul of

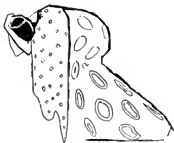


of the Trojan Helen

Illustrating Ida Rubinstein's Latest Dances

the woman for whom heroes went to war. In her impersonation of this character Mlle. Rubinstein has gone behind mere appearances and entered the realm of real passion. She has thrown herself into the personality of the Trojan heroine. She suffers with her, and finally, in sheer despair and hopelessness, bows her head to destiny.

Wooed by many, Mlle. Rubinstein has turned again to her old love, the poet d'Annunzio, who, having used all his influence to draw Italy into the war, has devoted himself heart and soul to the conflict. For some time prior to her change of heart the dancer maintained a private hospital for wounded soldiers in Paris. It was endowed by a wealthy banker, one of the Italian poet's many rivals.





Easter Sunday

TWO WATER COLOR SKETCHES MADE FOR



The Horrors of War

CARTOONS MAGAZINE BY ETHEL PLUMMER



There's Many Old

by

On Monday Mornings Mrs. Mulligan Was a Motor Queen

GEORGE CHISEL was the hard-luck man of the town of East Wallop. Always starting a chicken farm, or trying to raise Belgian hares, mushrooms or another get-rich-quick scheme, he never made a "go" of anything. What more natural than for George to insert an advertisement in the *Busy Days Monthly*, offering to exchange one diamond ring, value \$25; set of Dickens' complete works, Little Dandy camera, double-barricled shotgun, pyrography outfit, phonograph with 43 records, Buffalo robe, stamp collection, a scroll saw, and a little money to boot for a secondhand automobile.

George broke into print pleasantly when the *East Wallop Echo* chronicled his acquisition of a Gazook car and was invited by the editor to toot his horn in front of the office some fine afternoon. Yes, George Chisel had swapped his household gauds for a secondhand, semilunged little old Gazook. Gone were the pleasant evenings

with the phonograph and no longer does a small but pure stone sparkle on the finger of Mrs. Chisel's left hand.

When George's new motor car first wheezed through the main street even rude little boys couldn't keep a sympathetic note out of their jeers of "looka-the sewing machine," or "what-do-call that, a cookstove? Fry me a egg, George?"

Ed, George's prosperous brother, came over to wash his hands of this latest piece of foolishness. "You need a autermobeel about as much as I need a flying machine to plow with," scolded Ed. "You must think you are a Nelson Hollister!"

"Only extremes like me and Nelson Hollister can afford 'em," explained George cheerfully. "The rich and those heavy in debt."

"Even if it would go, it looks like a junk heap," criticized Ed.

"Oh, I'm going to fix it up myself—as nifty as the nift," said George. "That little boat will be a pippin when I get through tinkerin' and giving it a classy coat of red paint. You wait!"

"Where are you going to keep it?" demanded Ed. "That cluttered up yard of yours won't hold any more relics."

"I'm drawing plans now for a swell garage," exclaimed George.

"You can keep it in my barn till you trade it for a blind kitten or some other useful object," volunteered Ed.

"Thanks, Ed. I'll take you up on that 'till I build," accepted George. Every time thereafter that George and Ed fell out George drew a new set of garage plans.

Somehow, nothing ever seemed to get out of kilter with that little old Gazook. It

A Ride Left in an Vintage Car

Helena Smith-Dayton

was on the chug from an early hour in the morning (for the Chisel family) until it was scandalously late in East Wallop.

George boasted that if every part of the Gazook's mechanism was removed, or fell off, its wheels would keep on revolving from force of habit and sheer good nature. Often when Nelson Hollister had to walk down to the bank because his big G. L. B. car was laid up for repairs, George would come churning along and graciously invite the great man to ride.

"You miss half the fun of motoring, Mr. Hollister," George would say, patronizingly, "by not driving your car yourself. I wouldn't let one of those experts monkey with MY car!"

"You are puffed up with beginner's luck, George," Mr. Hollister would chuckle. "It can't last. Some day when you have expired a thousand miles from nowhere, I'll come

along and tow home what's left of your grand old ruin."

And, yet one balmy afternoon, while George, Mrs. George and the little Georgettes and Georginas were bowling along, and the engine of the Gazook was running as sweetly and melodiously as a boiler factory, a turn of the road revealed the big Hollister car in a hospitable ditch.

"Can I do anything for you?" inquired George offensively.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" growled Nelson Hollister, the rich man of East Wallop.

"What seems to be the trouble?" persisted George, the poor man of East Wallop.

Patrick, the old coachman of the Hollisters' was a careful driver, but he couldn't find motor trouble. He knew how to cure a horse of a shoe boil but he couldn't clean a spark plug if he'd known where to look for it.



Nelson Hollister, the Rich Man of East Wallop



George Chisel Was the Hard-Luck Man of the Town of East Wallop

George's was not a large nature. He didn't sneak down the back streets to save the Hollister pride. Had Main Street been the eye of the traditional needle, George would have dragged that rich man, his family, his chauffeur and his car through it, and thrown in the camel for good measure.

Trouble threatened the Chisel family because the Gazook car ran too smoothly. The "Back Soon" sign was now displayed continuously on the door of George's little shop (where he mended clocks, watches, and wash boilers) and not a cent coming in. The butcher and the grocer couldn't be put off forever and the children needed everything that children always need.

Things were crisising when the Gazook got Mrs. Mulligan's literal and figurative goat. The literal goat was near-sighted and mistook the motor car for one of its favorite haunts where grew the delicious tomato can and rusty bolt. The figurative goat was an even more serious matter, involving as it did a long-standing account for services rendered.

"Your car got my goat, Mister Chisel," stormed Mrs. Mulligan, "and I could put the law on you. But the money they'd make you pay me for the goat belongs to me now for the washings I've done for the tribe of you this long time past. I can't

make up my mind whether I want to get my pay for me goat or me washes—it amountin' to the same."

"I'll make good for both as soon as I can get around to it," promised George.

"Then I'll never see either, while you go riding around in wan of them autymubbles," said Mrs. Mulligan, bitterly. "I've never yet stepped foot in one of them contrivances—" eyeing the car wistfully.

"Get in," invited George.

"Do you think it's safe for a mother of nine children?"

"Surest thing you know," said George, cranking the engine.

An hour later, when they returned, Mrs. Mulligan was at the steering wheel. "I'm a poor woman, Mister Chisel," she said shrewdly, "and I can't afford to go pleasure driving, but if you was to allow me to use the little devil wagon to bring and take my washes every week on a Monday and Friday I could do your own wash and call the goat and the old bill square, as I'd not get my money, anyhow."

Thereafter on Monday mornings and Friday afternoons Mrs. Mulligan was a motor queen.

Fortunately, Butcher Bopp's horse Nellie died. It was almost like losing one of the family, she'd been with them for so long.

It was a testimonial to Nellie's many good qualities that each of the family mourned her for a different reason.

"Remember how she'd eat apples right out your hand?" reminisced little Ruby Bopps.

"I always felt so safe about you John, when—when—" Mrs. Bopps lowered her voice so that the children wouldn't hear. "I always knew Nellie would bring you home all right."

"I don't see how I'm going to cover my route," groaned Butcher Bopps. "I can't afford to get another horse, just now. That note's due again, and—hello, there's George Chisel and that confounded old horse frightener of his."

"Hear you've lost your horse Nellie," greeted George.

"Yes. Say Chisel, about that bill—"

"How about using my car on your meat route?" interrupted Chisel.

The owner of the late Nellie bargained with George to cover his meat route by motor for the old bill and the usual week's supply of the cheaper cuts.

Again, fortunately, Grocer Grout's delivery system came down with measles. The Gazook was quickly pressed into service and

proved much more reliable, and quicker than Johnny Stackpole and bicycle.

"That little car of mine is getting to be one of the chief industries of East Wallop," said George, proudly.

When it became known that the Gazook was in the commercial field the demands upon it were many. It seemed to be fool-proof, even when the town's engaged couple rented it of an evening. On election day the car made enough to pay George's taxes by carrying aged, decrepit, and indifferent voters to the polls.

George and his family still motored to their heart's content, for by sleeping all day, while the car was out earning their living they could ride all night. That is perhaps why the faithful Gazook never received its promised coat of red paint. Nor was it necessary to build a garage, or to impose longer upon the hospitality of Ed's barn.

"What'll you take for the car?" asked Ed one day, and that was the crowning triumph of George's career as a car owner.

"Not all the money you've got, Ed," declared George, "but I'll take you over to Higginsville tomorrow in exchange for a bushel of potatoes."



Ed, George's Prosperous Brother, Came over to Wash His Hands of This Latest Piece of Foolishness



GERDA WEGENER in *Fantasio*, © Paris

A Spring Song

Zephyrs



Spring Is Here!

H. GERBAULT in Fantasio, © Paris

Argus-Eyed

by Mme. Leonie



IN the apartment building near the Arc de Triomphe, where I live, there is a school for girls. Its pupils mostly come from the well-to-do bourgeoisie. Descending the stairway to the street, one has almost to fight his way through a rather boisterous rose garden of girls. I well remember, before the historic month of August, 1914, how (to change the metaphor) as I steered a difficult course through this clamorous maelstrom, cries of "Ja, Fräulein," "Guten Tag," and other German phrases, assailed my ear from every side. The girls were French, but fashion had dictated that they should have German teachers.

One of our fiction writers, who is also something of a moralist, Marcel Prévost, has protested energetically against the snobbishness which prescribes foreign governesses for the children of the rich or tolerably well circumstanced. According to his way of thinking, a child should be at least seven years old, and fully able to speak French, before being taught a word of any foreign language. Otherwise, he contends, its brain will be nothing more than a storehouse for jumbled words and ideas, and a long time will be required in after life to reestablish in the child the national spirit.

Several years ago M. Prévost wrote a book, "The Guardian Angels," in which a German governess was made to play the part of a spy in the home of a high army officer by whom she had imprudently been employed. The book made quite a sensation at the time.

One of the most curious instances of mental blindness on the part of an entire people was the credulity with which the French family permitted itself to be inundated by an ever rising tide of German governesses and domestics. The plausible intent was, of course, to give the young people the benefit of instruction in a foreign language. Thus the homes of army officers in particular—though they should have been more on their guard—had German "bonnes" for their sons; for was not a perfect command of the German language an indispensable part of a military education? Why mistrust a young girl, always humble, submissive, and bashful, with such frank, blue eyes, especially when she loved France SO much?

On occasion, seating herself at the piano, she would sing the Marseillaise in German. Excellent workers,

Gretchens

Bernardini-Sjoestedt

willing to do anything, these blue-eyed *mädchens* easily won the hearts of their employers.

The Frenchwoman, it must be admitted, is not a compliant servant. Her spirit of "*égalité*" unbends with difficulty. Besides, she is inclined to limit her sphere of activity; as a teacher she would not undertake the work of a governess, nor as the latter, would she do a chambermaid's duties. *Fräulein*, on the other hand, does anything, from giving piano lessons to cleaning the children's shoes. There is in German a sort of "*petite bourgeoisie*"—well educated indeed—that willingly enters domestic service, and such a class has no existence in France.

The German girls who entered service in our country were by no means isolated.

They had their "*Verein*" where they went on Sundays to enjoy their coffee and pastry, and above all, to gossip. Their gossip, however, did not fall upon deaf ears, for these "*Vereine*" were actually subsidized by the German consulate or embassy, or by some other cultural or commercial society of the fatherland.

I know, among others, a certain "*home*" for German teachers near *l'Etoile*, in *Rue de Villejuste*, ostensibly maintained to give these Gretchens an opportunity to perfect themselves in the French language, but



in reality nothing but a school for spies!

These Gretchens who invaded France, especially during the years immediately preceding the grand coup of 1914, were actually the scouts of the "Avant-Guerre," that Avant-Guerre which Léon Daudet in his prophetic book of that title unveiled in 1912

to a blind and deaf France. It was he who showed up the German machinations on our soil. It was he who told us how the Boches built piers at our seaports, how their engineers invaded our mines, how they established factories at strategical points along our railroad system, how they erected



SCHALLER MOUILLOT in *Le Balançette*, Paris

THE REWARD OF MERIT

"Now, children, if you do your sums well, I will show you a picture of the kaiser."



LEONNEC in La Baionnette, Paris

FRAULEIN'S GEOGRAPHY CLASS

"We now come to the great nations of Europe—first of all, Germany."



A. WILLETTE in La Balanette, Paris

Thank God, after the War We shall See No More Such Villainy

The Pruslem is seen forcing her charge to pray to the spirit of Germany, "O, Saint Germany, I love you."

concrete farmhouses at important cross-roads, how they covered walls, fences, and chimneys with cabalistic signs to inform and guide an army of invasion. A sinister enough preparation, which, when revealed by Daudet, was regarded by our amiable pacifists as a poetic fancy!

How often afterward did not our soldiers on the Marne and on the Somme discover innocent-looking villas capable of supporting 40-centimeter guns on their terraces, their cellars stored with untold supplies of gasoline!

One of my war "godsons" tells me that on the Belgian coast his company demolished a house, the concrete court of which was so laid as to support heavy artillery for the bombardment of Dunkerque! In these activities the women were the most valuable agents.

Germany gave our city officials, our merchants, and others, wives whose dowries were paid from German secret-service funds. She provided adventuresses who insinuated themselves among our politicians and army officers and gained entrance into families as governesses or teachers. All homes, of

course, do not hold military secrets, but one can always glean valuable information in regard to their sentiments, their wealth, their commercial connections. Sojourns in the country or at the seaside served to collect minutious topographical details.

Thus France was thunderstruck to find at the invasion of the Germans, how well the enemy knew even the plans of private residences and the relationships of the families. They made a bee-line for the cellars; they knew exactly the number of bottles and the kind of wine they would discover; they knew to a penny how much each individual could safely be taxed.

The same tragicomedy had been enacted in 1870, but evidently we had forgotten it, and this time the system had been perfected and carried out on a much more elaborate scale.

It was the German governesses who helped most in blinding us by their Goethe and Schiller and their "Lieder." They pretended, like the estimable Uriah Heep, to be so "humble." They were so gentle, so content to live in "la belle France!" As a matter of fact, every true Frenchman in his



PORTELETTE in La Balançolette, Paris

The Governess: "Remember this, my dear; maternity is by no means a duty, but is something to be avoided. You will understand that better a little later."



GERDA WEGENER in *La Baionnette*, Paris

"Well, girlies, how's your new governess?"

"Oh, she is a marvel, grandpa! She has eyes everywhere!"

innermost heart felt contempt for these docile and submissive German girls; but that served Germany's purpose and the better concealed the darker side of German character—the cruel arrogance on attaining the upper hand.

A time came when a part of young France—that part which had been undressed and put to bed by Elsa or Minna or Dorthie in its childhood—believed a political reconciliation with Germany possible. The "Sozial-Demokratische" idea had blinded them to the facts of pan-Germanism and Prussian militarism, and it was on the denationalization of this part that Germany wrongly counted.

I know personally one of those Frenchmen, an ardent socialist, who in March, 1914, declared that rather than countenance the monstrous crime of a European war, we should obstruct by strikes, or even anarchy, a mobilization of French manhood and French resources. Last month this same socialist found a hero's death on the Somme, and in his farewell message to his wife, written just before he went to the attack, he said that so much blood should not be spilled, so many misfortunes undergone, in vain, but rather that the fight should be kept up to a decisive victory. I doubt whether the children of this man will have a German governess.

These governesses, for that matter, venomously hate the country that gave them hospitality. Why? Simply because it sheltered and befriended them. "Hate thy benefactor," said Nietzsche; "what right has he to oblige thee by his charity?"

I remember one daughter of Germania who, in my early youth, tried to instruct me in that guttural language which I never could manage to assimilate. She was a little bunchbacked creature with an enormous head, weak, colorless eyes, and a turned-up nose. We forgave her for being

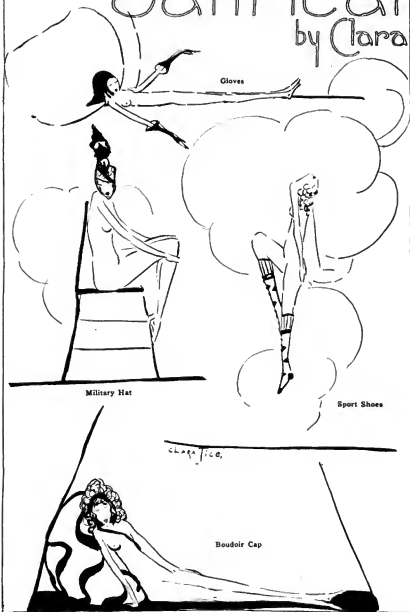
German because she was a cripple, and, God knows, we never made her feel her misfortune. We almost liked her, some of us sincerely. We invited her to our homes because she was poor and lonely. The grandmother of one of my girl friends even willed her a small amount of money. She fell ill. Her pupils nursed her for a time, and the sisters of a religious order watched over her deathbed. Toward the end it seemed as if her soul craved to unburden itself of a long pent-up feeling, for, we were told, she burst forth in a tirade of hatred and abuse against "ces cochons de Français" (those pigs of Frenchmen) who, like poor pussy in the well, had never done her any harm.

One of our foremost artists, now serving in the army, tells of a typical case which illustrates the manner in which German "Kultur" forges brains for the service of Greater Germany. "Here," he said, "we are infested with spies, especially female spies, to an incredible extent. The creatures who are trying to corrupt our affections are all young and pretty. They talk French without the foreign accent, for most of them were born in France or on the border. One of them at least has cost us many a strategic position. Thanks to the information of this Delilah, they were accurately located by the Boche artillery, and not a soul in these strongholds escaped. The informer was convicted as a spy. She had been a governess in Paris, had led a dissolute life, she confessed, but at her mother's death she had repented, and had tried to redeem her soul by serving her fatherland."

The artist showed me a photograph of her taken immediately after her conviction. Her countenance expressed murderous and unconquerable energy. "I have seen such an expression," he told me, "in a wolf at bay." All German governesses are not Gretchens. This one was a worthy female of the species Hun.



Satirical by Clara



Fashions Tice



Plaited Collar



Riding Boots



Stockings

CLARA J. CO



BROWN in Chicago Daily News

Chance for an Explosion

The Kaiser's Trail in Mexico

by Harry H. Dunn

WITH the discovery of the kaiser's trail in Mexico much that was obscure in our relations with Germany has been cleared up. The publication of the German foreign minister's instructions to Minister von Eckhardt in Mexico City supplies a missing link. It explains a number of things, notably the recent pronunciamiento by Carranza calling upon the neutral nations to embargo those at war. It explains the crocodile tears of Count von Bernstorff, given safe passage to Germany by the United States. It explains why the German ambassador, through whose hands the message passed, expressed a preference for an asylum in Cuba. It gives new credence to reports that German submarine bases have been established in the Gulf of Mexico.

The friendly relations between this country and Germany, "an heirloom from Frederick the Great," evidently would not stand in the way of an alliance between Germany, Mexico, and Japan if it were possible to effect such an alliance. Mexico, accord-

ing to the German foreign minister's plan, was to invade the United States and win back the "lost territory" of New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona.

Carranza, now shown up as the kaiser's jumping jack, in making his sudden and un-called-for declaration of principles, spoke not for Mexico, but for Germany. Unable to maintain peace in his own bandit-ridden country, he had the effrontery to point the way to peace for neutral nations. The voice that speaks from Mexico is not Mexico, for not one Mexican leader, save the bombastic old First Chief, has so far lost his head as to reveal the resources behind him in opposition to the United States.

The note without doubt was the work of the First Chief, with the possible assistance of Luis Cabrera, who, it will be remembered, made similar suggestions to the American commissioners when the United States-Mexico peace commission began its fruitless sittings some months ago. At that time Cabrera expressed the hope that having settled the problems of the United



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Talking through His Hat

States and Mexico, the commission also would be able to bring about peace throughout the world. Like a certain other gentleman of profane history, however, he "took in too much territory," and in the greater task of trying to end the anarchy in Mexico, the untimely hope of Mr. Cabrera was soon forgotten. Now, however, Carranza has repeated it in the form of an address to the neutral nations embodying exactly the same points which Germany made in a somewhat similar communication early in the war.

Unable to make peace in his own little country, yet abundantly able to bid defiance to the United States, Carranza's peace plan, ludicrous to the world, has been taken all too seriously by his own people. The Pershing expedition, with its orders to "get Villa alive or dead," has been withdrawn, yet Villa is stronger than he has been for fourteen months. The Mexicans in Carranza-controlled territory believe that fear of the First Chief, combined with apprehension over Germany's strength south of the Rio Grande, drove the American troopers out. The Mexicans in Villa-controlled states believe that fear of Villa, joined to the necessity of gathering all America's resources to protect the northern nation from Germany, forced Pershing's recall. In either case, and all over Mexico, the idea that the kaiser stands ready to strike a blow at the northern republic through its exposed flank has been allowed to grow until now it is of size unbelievable to those who do not know the Latin races, their credulity, their superstitions, and their hatred of the "Gringos."

In Mexico City, in Guadalajara, Puebla, Monterey, Vera Cruz and the smaller cities of the densely populated southern third of Mexico, the German Alliance, formed almost coincidentally with the second republic in 1876, has been at work, steadily and powerfully, for forty years, spreading the doctrine of German supremacy. Originally this propaganda was launched in order to secure more trade for German exporters and to get into Germany more of those products of Mexico for which the fatherland had use. Gradually, however, as the number of Germans in Mexico increased, it became a personal battle, in which each colonist constituted of himself an entire corps in a peace army to Teutonize Mexico.

"What does Mexico need, most of all?" I asked Porfirio Diaz in 1909.

"More foreign immigrants," he replied.

"What foreigners?" I persisted.

"For the most part, Germans. We need American money and American ingenuity in our industries, but we need the German as a colonist," came the answer as quickly as the question had been asked.

The old maker of Mexico leaned across the long table in the national palace:

"The German understands us. I wish you Americans understood us half as well. The German learns our language, buys our products before he sells us his own, studies our needs and fills them, follows our customs, and, Mr. Dunn, he marries our daughters. His children become Mexicans, but Mexicans with advanced ideas, Mexicans who love their country and devote all their ideas, backed by the most modern ideals, to the development of our land."

And that statement holds true for every Latin-American country, from the border line where Villa raided and Pershing returned, to the desert that encircles Punta Arenas. As in the United States the German-American becomes an integral part of our citizenry, so in all the Spanish republics he makes one with the people. I could count to you by the score the families in Mexico whose sons and daughters speak German and Spanish, with sometimes French thrown in for art's sake, but who neither know nor care to know any English. Yet in all the list of Americans I have known in Mexico in more than a decade of life there, less than a score have made themselves homes among the people, and not twenty-five have learned the Spanish language, attractive and simple as it is. "They marry our daughters," said Porfirio Diaz, and the father of your daughter's children is apt to be much closer to you than even the man who comes to show you how to make two pesos grow where you gathered only one before.

These are the reasons the Mexican people like the German. Conversely, they are the reasons they do not care for the American—except in isolated cases. These are among the reasons why Carranza believed the time opportune for his peace note, these and the closeness to the Carranza government of Gen. Maximilian Klose, an artillery officer in the Mexican army by pro-



HOPE in Chicago Tribune

Under New Management

fession, but the head of the pro-German propagandists in Mexico when he is not teaching his brown-skinned charges those matters of range and elevation he deems it necessary for them to know.

The peace note, being merely a rewriting into Spanish of the proposals made by Germany to neutrals in 1914, served a double purpose. It showed the friendliness of the Carranza government to the empire of the kaiser, and it expressed, diplomatically, but nevertheless plainly, the sentiment of the mass of the Mexican people.

The proposed embargo, if laid by all neutral nations, would do no harm to anyone but the allies, directly to Great Britain, and, indirectly, to all those who are alined with her in the European war. The great oil fields of Mexico belong to British capital; that is to say, three-quarters of the producing field is owned by English corporations, while the remaining quarter is divided, about two-thirds among American owners, and the other third among Mexicans and Spaniards. Almost all the oil land of Mexico, or that which is likely in the view of experts to produce oil, has been taken up. That is to say, no oil land remains for the friends of the Carranza government.

As soon as this condition was brought to the attention of the First Chief, he announced that he would "nationalize" the oil fields. In other words he would issue a decree of confiscation of these lands, a Mexican commission to decide what the bare lands were worth, and nothing to be paid for the millions of dollars invested in their development, nor for the other millions in production and storage plants. This was to be done because the Mexican people, Carranza said, had been defrauded of these lands by concessions illegally given under the hand of Porfirio Diaz.

Simultaneous protest by the United States and Great Britain, however, brought the de facto ruler to see that such high-handed procedure would not be tolerated. But the greedy horde which has surrounded him since his first victory in 1913 would not rest. The next step was the issue of a decree forbidding any foreigner to hold property in Mexico unless he immediately became a Mexican citizen. This decree carried the penalty of property confiscation, and was aimed at the oil wells of the

Britons and the hated "Yanquis," and at the mines of the latter as well.

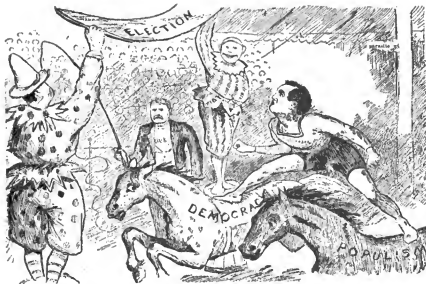
Protest also checked this, though, in direct defiance of the note sent by Secretary Lansing, it was incorporated in the new constitution adopted by the farcical congressional convention which met at Carranza's peripatetic capital in Queretaro.

There is little left to loot in Mexico save the oil fields and the mines, and the wolves who follow the Old Man of Cuatro Ciénegas are hungry again.

As I have said above, the principal sufferer by an embargo from all the neutral nations would be Great Britain. To this add the fact that practically all the oil which goes to feed the engines of her monster battle fleets comes from the Tampico oil fields. With this market cut off by embargo, the owners of the forests of derricks which line the Rio Panuco would be compelled to cut down production, and, eventually, stop operations.

A greater revolution than any Mexico has seen is in the air, an upheaval in which more money and more men and more foreigners are involved than have yet mixed themselves in Latin-American politics. The German Alliance in Mexico, headed, as I have said, by Gen. Maximilian Klose, has been abetting it in Mexico, just as German-American agents have been trying to foment it in the United States, in Havana, and in Guatemala City. That they have failed is certain, and it appears equally certain that they also had at least a hand in the promulgation of the peace note.

There is likewise little doubt that, in case of actual war between the United States and Germany, agents of the kaiser will endeavor to strike at this country through Mexico. More than 12,000 German men are in Mexico, among them 320 German and Austrian army officers who have been interned in the United States and South America since the beginning of the European war. At least two-thirds of the anti-American outbreaks in Mexico are directly traceable to a spirit of "Mexico for Mexicans" promulgated by these German propagandists, who were active at this sort of work as far back as 1910, when the breach between the United States and the Porfirio Diaz government began to widen after Diaz had given asylum to José Santos Zelaya, the Nicaraguan dictator.



Can He Make the Jump?

Charles A. Culberson, candidate for the governorship of Texas, tries to straddle populism and democracy. This and other cartoons from *The Rolling Stone* are included in the volume, *Rolling Stoores*, (Doubleday, Page & Co.) and reproduced by courtesy of the publishers.

O. Henry as a Cartoonist

by A. de Ford Pitney

UNTIL his thirtieth year William Sydney Porter, whom the world knows as O. Henry, was a professional cartoonist. He was at the same time a writer of paragraphs and humorous sketches, but until the final chapter of his life the pencil came as readily to his hand as did the pen.

Porter's drawings were at first taken so much more seriously than his writings that a group of influential Texans offered to send him to New York and Paris to complete his education in art. This was at the time that his paper, *The Rolling Stone*, was attracting considerable attention in Austin.

"It was a bigger obligation than I cared to place myself under," explained Porter later. "I was afraid of the size of it, and didn't like to owe anybody so much."

When he made this statement in his brief, reticent way, he was thirty-four years old, and was cartoonist and column conductor for the *Houston Post*. Col. R. M. Johnston, publisher of the *Post*, and a perfect specimen of the fine old southern gentleman, held Porter's ability as a draftsman in such high esteem that he himself was eager to make any arrangement that would enable the young man to study art seriously.

O. Henry's first thirty years were a perfect illustration of the narrow line that lies between different forms of artistic expression. As a boy he had won local fame as a cartoonist in Greensboro, N. C. His sketches were hung in the store windows and people would stop to chuckle and admire.

Bristol board and India ink were unknown to Will Porter. He sketched on squares of wrapping paper or common cardboard, and used any pencil he could get hold of. He sketched constantly, and local encouragement gave him ample confidence in himself. It was the most nat-

ural thing in the world for him to take up paper and pencil and illustrate whatever he was talking about.

People familiar with the drug store of Clark Porter, his uncle—O. Henry clerked there for five years—declare that his early sketches were vividly illuminative and showed all the selective ability that marked his prose.

The future short-story king was experimenting in the field of writing all this time, but while few people knew that he was studying literary form, everybody knew he was an "artist." He made no secret of it, and fully expected that out of that talent his future would develop.

What seemed almost like a turning point in his career was a chance that offered to get before the public as the illustrator of a book that was certain to attract attention. He accepted the chance, and had everything gone through as per schedule, he might have been alive today, probably with a studio in Washington Square, a member of the Illustrators', a gay figure at the costume balls, a witty story teller and a maker of good pictures. Even at that time his illustrations were good enough to express accurately his expert knowledge of southwestern border life, which was what the editors were beginning to seek.

He was in Texas for health and change, twenty-one years old, and was working on a ranch. That is, he worked or loafed as he saw fit. He learned to rope and ride as well as any cowboy, but that his



Porter's First (?) Cartoon
It represents Judge Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," leaving Greensboro. Judge Tourgee was a northern official of the reconstruction period, but was not so thoroughly hated as most of them.—From O. Henry Biography, Doubleday, Page and Co.

heart was never in that kind of life is shown by the fact that he could basely desert it and take to herding sheep. This contemplative pursuit gave him time for study.

At this period there drifted into his life a grizzled, philosophical prospector who had come down into the Lone Star state from the Rockies, bringing in his saddle bags the material for a book—a book of gold hunting—the notes for which he had schemed out in the solitude of the mountains. In this book the old prospector had set forth what he knew of adventure in the gold camps, in the boom towns, of gambling, fortune hunting, battle, and sudden death. A weird love story was artlessly interwoven with the narrative. The world would have prized it, but alas, the world will never see a line of that book.

Porter and the prospector were brought together, the former as the illustrator of the book of gold. The author saw in this chunky, curly-haired lad one who, he thought, would take the great work seriously. It was the most natural thing in the world that he and his manuscript should move into the shack on the sheep range, and that the two should work together on the drawings. They would select a situation to be illustrated, and the author would, with tireless earnestness, try to impress upon the artist the true psychological inwardness of the scene chosen. Porter used a plain, slick cardboard, held upon his knee, a soft pencil, and smudged in the shadows with his thumb. It was a happy time. The sheep were at liberty to enjoy themselves as they pleased.

The end of this collaboration was the



EMIGRANTS' CAMP

Probably one of the drawings made by Mr. Porter for the prospector's romance.

first real tragedy of Porter's life. The book was promising. It had a power, an immense truthfulness and zest that the youngster's artistic insight could estimate at its real value. But the author grew dissatisfied with it. Reading the classics that Porter had on his rough shelf may have given him the wrong impression of the value of his work. At any rate he hurled the manuscript one night into the Colorado River and took again to the mountains. Finis was written to that episode. Porter was left with a stack of drawings on his hands, but with the knowledge that he could make pictures that would come up



See Tom and the dog.
Will Tom hurt the dog?
Oh, no! Tom will not hurt
the dog.
Tom will give the dog a bite
to eat.

to commercial standards, and the feeling that he could make money with them.

In 1894 he blossomed out in Austin as a professional cartoonist and satirist, and publisher of his own paper, *The Rolling Stone*. The big pictorial feature was the political cartoon by Porter. His method of working was peculiar. He was a fearless draftsman, not afraid to tackle any subject, and usually with the ability to get away with it—but he would never use a pen.

Instead he would send by mail his pencil drawings to T. K. Hedrick, now the column writer for the *Chicago Daily News*, but at that time proprietor of an engraving shop in Dallas, Texas.

"Porter could just as well have done the pen work himself," Mr. Hedrick told the writer, "but he had a sort of superstition that he would fail if he tried to use a pen. He made line drawings at the time, and it was only necessary to ink in these lines. I have seen sketches of his intended for half-tone reproduction that were handled

in tones or masses, but in cartooning he always showed a feeling for line, and handled his pencil as if it were a pen."

The "Rolling Pin," as Porter used to call it, wobbled along for a year. But it was on the losing side of the political game, and its war chest wasn't intended to withstand a siege. Shortly after a number of cartoons and quips appeared, which hopelessly offended its German-American supporters, the Rolling Pin stopped rolling—turning point number two in Porter's career. Colonel Johnston of the *Houston Post* had been awaiting this event. He wanted Porter for his cartoonist and paragrapher. The offer was timely and Porter went to Houston, there to end his career as artist and newspaper man. He departed from Houston one black night—and O. Henry was born.

A good specimen of the fighting sonthera



Will you go in?
Oh, yes! I will go in.

Two Humorous Sketches from *The Rolling Stone*



THE TEXAS WAY

From The Rolling Stone

Miss Potter: "Oh, papa, what is that?"

Mr. Potter of Texas: "That's a live count I bought for you in New York."

Miss Potter: "Oh, how nice, and Uncle George gave me a new six-shooter, and the dogs haven't had any exercise in a week. Won't it be fun!"

politician was Colonel Johnston. He needed Porter's caustic wit in the political cartoons for the Post. On this newspaper, where he also did a humorous column called "Postscripts," Porter found his friend and collaborator Hedrick, then installed as illustrator and manager of the engraving department. Porter began drawing his cartoons, in pencil as before, and turning them over to Hedrick to ink in for him.

"His technique improved wonderfully during the Rolling Stone period," Hedrick says. "His pencil line was hard and clean and economical. He expressed character better than ever, and I can say that I never knew him to find any difficulty in drawing any subject he desired to use."

According to Hedrick, Porter was happiest when seated before a drawing board.

"He liked to draw," Hedrick told the writer. "He would rather draw than compose paragraphs. Drawing was joy, and writing labor for him. Often he would spend hour after hour making drawings when he should have been writing his column. He was so infatuated with art that

we used to swap work a great deal. He would sit at my drawing board and make the illustrations I was scheduled to do, while I would write the paragraphs he needed for his column."

It may have been due to this arrangement that Hedrick afterward became one of the most brilliant paragraph writers in America.

"Porter used to groan over his writing," says Hedrick. "I think he always did, and I believe that was the secret of the perfection he attained in his stories. He never dashed them off. They were always the hardest kind of work for him. But he would whistle and sing at the drawing board, and come skipping into the art department as if he were coming on a holiday."

"On the Post, Porter took part in the daily editorial conferences, and was supposed to be something of a political expert. He had the narrowest escape from becoming a lifelong political cartoonist. Colonel Johnston was eager to have him develop to the fullest along that line."

"But as a matter of fact, he detested poli-

tics. He was only interested in the phases of human character it developed. The political situation always was a mystery to him, and he would privately ask for explanations so that he could go into the conference with some notion of the subject in hand. Once he got an understanding of the situation, he would, with his graphic power, flash out a good cartoon.

"Porter was not the stuff that a controversial newspaper man is made of. He would not learn local politics, but was at his best in inventing ludicrous types. One such type was 'Grandma,' supposed to represent the Galveston-Dallas News, our esteemed contemporary and rival. It was a staid old sheet, and Porter symbolized it as an old lady in bonnet and curls, dressed in newspapers.

"After the conference Porter would put in two hours or so of happy toil, and then would come to my door with a sheet of cardboard and sing out, 'Here's another chaparral masterpiece!' Then he would stand around and watch me while I put on the ink. I frequently begged him to do it himself, but couldn't induce him to take a pen in his hand. He got stage fright at the very thought of it. And yet his work

was always finished, down to the minutest detail. He didn't merely bring in a rough sketch to be finished up. Indeed, with the improved methods of photo-engraving of today, it would have been possible to make cuts from his pencil drawings.

"One thing he could do better than most draftsmen was to take a look at a man and later make a faithful likeness of him. He had the power of taking mental photographs, and could always make a good likeness in any position of a person he had studied closely. His caricatures were always unmistakable likenesses."

While there was nothing to prevent Porter from doing his work in the daytime, he preferred to work at night. He and Hedrick rarely left the Post building before 1 a. m. Then they would adjourn to the Mexican quarter under the bridges, sit at a table in some little chili restaurant, sip the watery pink wine, and listen to the distant tinkle of a guitar.

He spoke both pure Spanish and the Mexican dialect fluently and would discourse by the hour with some wrinkled old exile in a chili joint and come away swearing that he had discovered an original character and had heard marvelous new things



From *The Rolling Stone*

Visitor: "Dear me, General, who is that dreadful man?"
General: "Oh, that's only the orderly sergeant."

from him. It seemed that he not only wished to see a world that he did not know, but he wished to be in a world that did not know him. He was at this time under a great cloud, the cloud of suspicion that was gathering about him.

"With the world in general," Hedrick tells me, "Porter was crabbed. He was a hard worker and a student, as those who knew him intimately were aware. He made a cartoon practically every day in addition to numerous other drawings that he turned out because he wished to. He wrote his 'Postscripts' and contributed a two-column pathetic or humorous story to the weekly edition, and on the whole did a big week's work.

"Toward the end of his work on the Post when we used to sit out under the trees in the Mexican plaza, Porter would talk much about South America. He used to

lead the conversation that way all the time and we would build air castles of trips down the coast. Porter kept coming back to the subject as if it were rooted in his mind. He used to draw word pictures of the delightful, free, irresponsible life a man might lead in the far South. And, in the end, he went—"

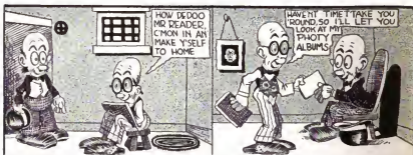
The end had come for William Sydney Porter. In a few weeks more he left Houston, never to return. The call had come for him to go to Austin and stand trial on charges of embezzling funds from the bank of which he had been teller. Porter started for Austin. He arrived in Honduras. He stayed only long enough to absorb the material for many masterpieces of fiction and then came doggedly back to face the music. William Sydney Porter went into the pit of humiliation. O. Henry came out of it. He never made another cartoon.



Interior of Clark Porter's Drug Store

One of Porter's boyhood sketches, the success of which started him on the cartoonist's path.—From O. Henry Biography, Doubleday, Page and Co.

CITIES BEAUTIFUL



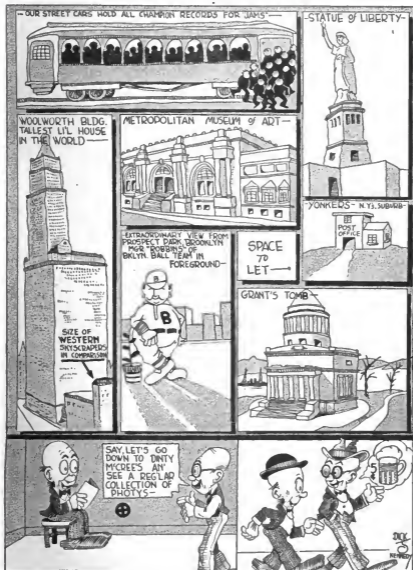
THIS HERE'S A PANORAMA
OF NEW YORK'S SKYLINE—

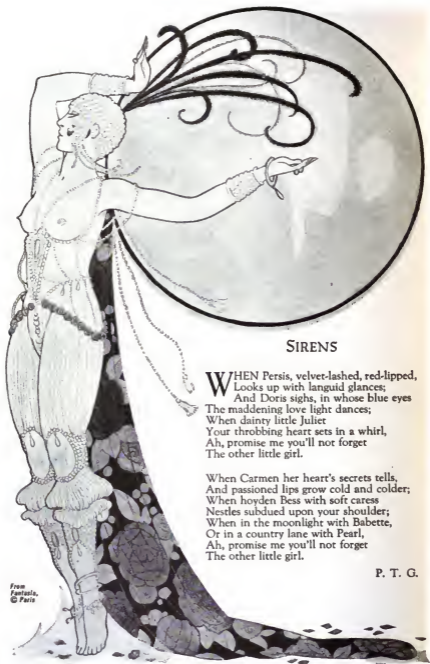


HUDSON RIVER.



5. NEW YORK. by DICK KENNEDY





SIRENS

WHEN Persis, velvet-lashed, red-lipped,
Looks up with languid glances;
And Doris sighs, in whose blue eyes
The maddening love light dances;
When dainty little Juliet
Your throbbing heart sets in a whirl,
Ah, promise me you'll not forget
The other little girl.

When Carmen her heart's secrets tells,
And passionate lips grow cold and colder;
When hoyden Bess with soft caress
Nestles subdued upon your shoulder;
When in the moonlight with Babette,
Or in a country lane with Pearl,
Ah, promise me you'll not forget
The other little girl.

P. T. G.

From
Fantasia,
© Paris

Under The Big Dome



PEOPLE outside Washington have the peculiar notion that something exciting happens every day in congress. The truth is that if it weren't for the imaginations of the newspaper men, the folks back home would forget about congress during at least 360 days of the year.

Occasionally a day stands out when the debate is sparkling, sensational, or educational. Such periods come generally when tension is highest either in national or international affairs. When there is tension in both, as during the closing hours of the recent session, the debates both in the senate and the house range from the sublime to the ridiculous.

One needs only to drop in on congress on one of its dull days to be disillusioned as to its greatness. Conversely, all one has to do to increase his respect for it is to obtain a gallery seat in a time of crisis.

FEBRUARY 24 will go down in history as a red-letter day. The senate then devoted itself to an intense and patriotic discussion of the foreign situation, a discussion in which Senator Williams of Mississippi and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts stood out as bright particular stars, the former as the leader of the democrats, the latter as the republican leader.

But while the senate was engaged in a debate on American rights and American duty, the house was dashing around madly in a free-for-all hunt for the cause of the high cost of living. Every one of its 435 members, including two blind men, attempted vainly to find it and hold it up to view.

SENATOR WILLIAMS who led the democratic forces in the senate on that day, has a way all his own of getting things which are out of order into the record. Likewise he has an indomitable sense of humor, the shafts of which

cause great discomfiture to his republican colleagues.

There are probably no more bitter enemies in public life than Senator Penrose, the arch-reactionary of Pennsylvania, and Senator La Follette, the pompadoured radical from Wisconsin. Catching sight of these two in conversation, Senator Williams marched into the senate and said:

"I noticed just now the unprecedented spectacle of a private conversation between the senator from Wisconsin, Mr. La Follette, and the senator from Pennsylvania, Mr. Penrose. I imagine the real reason underlying this phenomenon is that the republicans have received orders from the munition factories that have hitherto been generous contributors to their campaign fund."

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts promptly challenged this statement, declaring it out of order and a reflection on the motives of republican senators.

Then followed an exchange of compliments which completely upset the most solemn deliberative body in the world.

"If there is any rule against charging the republican party with anything it has not already been guilty of, I do not remember it," snapped Mr. Williams.

"I make a point of order, Mr. President," retorted Mr. Lodge.

"Very well," replied Mr. Williams, "then I shall proceed in order. It seems that I have overstepped the parliamentary line and said something which in the opinion of the senator from Massachusetts comes too close to the facts. I therefore, in apology to the senate, withdraw, so far as I may, the words that have been uttered."

"The senator apologizes for that false statement by saying 'it comes too close to the facts,'" interrupted his opponent, "and therefore he withdraws it, which simply adds insult to the injury."

By this time, however, Senator Williams had the galleries with him.



Incidents of the Inauguration

Sketched at Washington, D. C., by Perce Pearce.



Copyright, New York Evening Post Co.

CESARE in New York Evening Post

TWO WINTERS

Washington, 1917

Valley Forge, 1777



WESTERMAN in Ohio State Journal

"When a feller needs a friend."

AT another point, when the Mississippian was criticizing the course of President Wilson in the submarine controversy, he said:

"If I, as fortunately I am not, were president of the United States I would give our merchant vessels guns and gunners."

"I wish to God the senator were president that it might be done," interjected Senator Sutherland of Utah.

The galleries thought Williams was downed, but quick as a flash he turned on Sutherland and replied:

"Well, I am very glad that the senator from Mississippi is not president, because he has seen the president do so many things more wisely than he would have done them. He is very glad that Woodrow Wilson is president; and he is very glad that Bryan, with an idea that he can control the waves of an oceanic tornado by pouring sweet oil upon them, is not president. He is very glad that Theodore Roosevelt, who by now would have been at war with Germany and England and France and Russia and Mexico, is not president. The senator from Mississippi never had as much reason to congratulate himself upon any proposition in the world as he has had reason to con-

gratulate himself that he was not president of the United States the morning after the sinking of the 'Lusitania,' because if he had been, we would have had war then and there, and I am awfully glad we did not have it, and I am very glad a wiser man than I was in the White House."

HOUSE debates seldom rise to the dignity or importance of the senate discussions. The reason is that the house is too large, and the big men therein seldom take part in anything but partisan wrangles.

A typical house debate came on the Borland amendment providing \$400,000 for an investigation into the high cost of living.

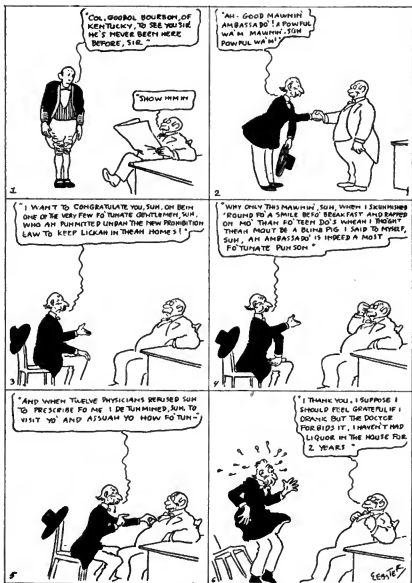
Every member who participated assigned a different reason for the food situation, based entirely upon the physical location of the particular congressional district he represented.

Fitzgerald, of New York, representing a pro-German district, blamed the soaring prices on the war, and demanded an embargo on foodstuffs. Stephens, of Nebraska, hailing from a stock-raising district, was disposed to hold the packers responsible.



HARDING in Brooklyn Eagle

Aimed at the Treasury



Copyright, H. T. Webster.

WEBSTER in New York Globe

A Possibility in Washington When Only Diplomats are Allowed Liquor

London, the New York socialist, blamed the government for legislation favoring "the interests."

Dies, of Texas, finally made a speech which brought down the galleries. He characterized it a message to the city poor.

"This is a message I am delivering now to the hundreds and thousands of people who are in the towns to go out in God's open country," said Dies. "Your speckled hen is clucking there, bidding you come and take the eggs she has laid. Your old bossy is lowing for you to come and take the milk and make the butter which the gentleman from New York, Mr. London, wants to get by law. The swine are grunting on the hillside, waiting for the corn that they may grow into hams, shoulders, and bacon, to supply the world with things which you want to make by law. The socialists want to make laws to control the price of food, but there are few socialists who go out and plow old Beck to make the corn to help relieve the situation."

"My friends, there is a law of compensation in this world that rises higher than your law, and that law is that when you discriminate against the farmers of the country, when you attract men from the country to the cities, you raise the price of farm products and God Almighty holds up the purse of high prices for farm products as a lure to have the people of the city take to the country."

"You know a socialist can no more live in the open country among the growing grain, the lowing herds, and the grunting swine, than germs can live in the sunlight."

REPRESENTATIVE BILL GORDON of Cleveland is regarded as one of the worst pests in the house. He is continuously popping up and interrupting members during debate, without obtaining their consent to a question. The other day, after Representative Green of Iowa had been advocating more jail sentences for food gougers, and fewer investigations, Gordon challenged him to name one person he would prosecute. The Iowan ignored him for a while, but the gadfly persisted. This persistence gradually got on the speaker's nerves. Finally he could stand it no longer, and stopped his argument to say:

"I confess this human jack-in-the-box bothers me a little now and then, and with

the gentleman bouncing up without asking the chair at all, my speaking isn't helped one bit."

The house roared, and Gordon hunted a convenient cloak room.

AMONG the holdovers in the lower house is Congressman Stedman of North Carolina, who served on General Lee's staff during the entire Civil war. He is a handsome old chap, in all probability resembling a statesman more than any other member of congress. He is the extreme of southern chivalry and courtesy, and opposite in these respects from the majority of southerners in Washington. Occasionally Major Stedman goes back to the war days for a story, and here is one he told recently.

"During the early stages of the war a planter friend of mine was passionately devoted to the Confederate army, for the reason not only that he believed our cause was just, but that he had two sons in the service. He was positive we never could be defeated, even in a skirmish."

"One day a battle was in progress between two small cavalry squadrons near his home, and he sent an old slave out to get a report on the encounter. Sam hurried back, his eyes bulging with excitement."

"'Sam,' said the planter, 'what are our boys doing? Are they advancing?'"

"'Yas suh,' replied Sam; 'dey sho' am.'"

"'And what are the Yankees doing?'"

"'De Yankees? Why, dey am advancing' right after dem as fas' as dey can.'"

THE republicans have poked a lot of fun at Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the new White House admiral, recently advanced over the heads of 129 other medical officers in the navy. They went into his record and found he had failed in two examinations for positions in the medical service of the country before he finally passed one, and that he had performed but one major operation in his life.

A great fuss was made over this latter fact. But it seems hardly fair to the new White House admiral to have blame heaped upon him because none of his presidential charges came down with appendicitis. In an age of preventive medicine, he should be given great credit for getting by as he has.

Little Business

by James Navoni



Isadora Levinsky
Buys old clothes. Methinks he
Cuts 'em up, Sews 'em up;
"Good as new," he winks-ry.



Antonio Bonzani,
He sell beeg banana,
Down by se corner, ever' day same.
When night time she come,
Weary foot, he go home,
Kees all se babes, which sece are se oame:
Maria, Antonio, Pietro,
Luiss, Giovanni, Ross,
Margherita, Nieboletta,
Angelina,— and the Triplets.



The good for naught and ne'er-do-well,
And those who time are killing,
The traffic block, and open-mouthed,
Their innards fast are filling
With wondrous tales, statistics, and
Why lamb that was in mutton—
Then Hindu Bill from Cairo, Ill,
Brings on the COLLAR BUTTON.



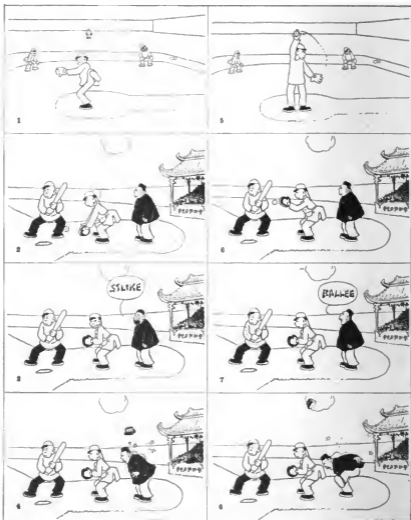
The warped wheels are off the key;
His elbow squeaks in highest C;
If this be melody,
Mere rag, or rhapsody,
O! G!
I'll B...!!

Ti Cobbee, the Heaviest Hitter in the League, Is up to Bat, With Two Out and the Score Tied in the Ninth—

Play

A "Animated Nooz"

Honkhonk, China:—The Championship Series of the Chop Suey League

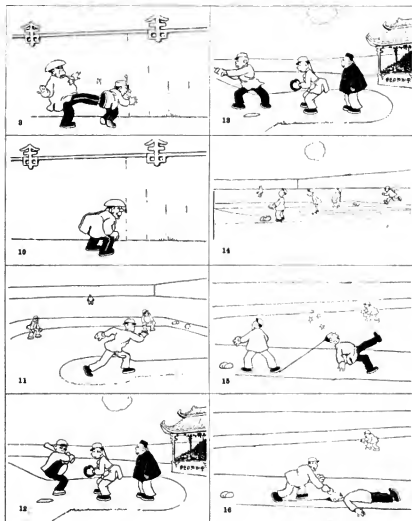


Ballee!

Cartoon by Carlson

But Jow Nee Evers Saves
the Game for the Eggfoooyongs
by Means of a
Clever Play.

Is Played between the Honkhonk Washees and the Eggfoooyong Cubbies





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THERE was a touch of spring in the air which seemed electric with invisible Cupid's darts. In a tree near the green bench two birds were planning their bungalow and debating in soft chirps what to name the children. Little girls were out with their jump ropes, and the boys were playing marbles. From a side street reached the monotonous cry of a huckster—"Straw-herr's! Straw-herr's! Ripe, red straw-herr's!" A working girl stopped to buy some faded violets from a flower vender. She pinned them to her shabby jacket and blushed when she saw I'd noticed. A hurdy-gurdy surrounded by a halo of children was rendering in its staccato notes, their metallic quality softened by

distance, "Just a Little Love."

"Ah," I observed; "isn't she?"

As she came tripping down the pathway a park policeman paused to smile at her. A little merchant whose stock in trade was screaming headlines, gazed in admiration after her. For a moment to my rather dreamy vision she appeared to be the center of a target toward which a shower of arrows was flying, but I

noticed that they went wide of the mark. At a point opposite me she stooped, and I, thinking that she had dropped something—her purse, perhaps—hastened forward to pick it up.

She was too quick for me, however, and I saw her tucking a small object in her muff.

"Pardon me, but I thought you had lost something," I said.

"Not yet—" and she smiled rather enigmatically. "But I have found something—quite valuable. In fact, you can't guess what a piece of good luck I've come upon."

"Money, perhaps?"

"No. Something better." And she partly revealed the object hidden in her muff. It

of Hearts

with a Nell Brinkley Girl

by Alphonse Duval



was like a large, plump ruby, only softer, and quite warm."

"You can't guess?" she went on. "Well, I'll tell you. It's a heart that loves you—a warm heart shining away on the path brighter than any gold eagle you could find. Is it not really a treasure? Whether it be the heart of a good man, or a little child's heart, my advice is to close your fingers on it quickly. It is the most precious thing in all the world."

I recollected now that I had seen her before—but where was it? I seemed to associate her somehow with a commodious easy chair. She was curled up in its soft depths, dangling her silken-shod feet over its arm, and reading—was it a book of love verse, or a story of romance?

"Are you not," I ventured, "the Nell Brinkley girl?"

She smiled an affirmative.

"I believe that I have met you often," I continued, "in the columns of my evening paper. I have often wanted to talk to you and ask you certain questions. Do you mind my strolling along with you a bit?"

"It was such a nice day," she explained, "that I couldn't resist the temptation. You see, I have ventured out of the newspaper and been recognized. This is the first time in my life I've ever done it."

"Tell me," I began, "did any of those arrows reach their mark?"

What a silvery laugh she had! "No," she said; "they never touched me."

"Yet," I insisted, "you are something of a flirt. Even a toy soldier at your feet would not be safe from your soft glances. You would make sweet eyes at Caliban."

"Well, who can resist Aphrodite's son?" she apologized. "He seeks alms everywhere. His tousled little head is seen



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A Book of Romance



Copyright, 1916, International News Service
Judas!

piteously in the winter streets. You see him with one foot atop the other trying to keep warm. He smiles in the spring streets when the maples are a cloud of delicate buds, and his head rises like a yellow jonquil from the stone walling by the sidewalk. He laughs in summer, and seems to need alms more than ever. And in passing him girl and woman-kind wavers, for he is blind. But not so blind but that if she is pretty, she finds a round, merry adoring robin's-eye flying open into her own."

"He is like a lot of other beggars," I observed. "Blind only for commercial purposes, and always preying upon women's sympathies. . . ."

I stopped suddenly with a burning sensation over the heart.

"Ah," I resumed when I could catch my breath; "it looks as if the good, old-fashioned sport of archery had been revived."

"Yes?"

The Queen of Hearts seemed totally unconscious of the rôle she herself played in the drama.

"Well," she continued, "if you got the right kind of a girl, you know, there would be a bungalow with the rose bushes climbing over the green-stained shingles, a bungalow on a hill, surrounded by birch trees, a little brook winding in and out where fawns came down to drink, a little wife waiting for you at



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"Guess who!"

sundown, and, best of all, a tow-headed kiddie with brown knees all scratched with brambles running to meet daddy with a kiss."

"You certainly draw fascinating pictures," I told her. "How, for instance, would you paint the girl who was to share the bungalow?"

"How would you paint her?"

"Well to begin with," I said, "she must have brown eyes—"

"Like mine?" interrupted the Nell Brinkley girl.

"And she must be interested in romance and heroes—"

"But I *am*!" exclaimed my little com-



Copyright, 1917, International News Service

Just a Little Love



The Day of the Girl

panion. "Romance—that was the magic pigment that went into the making of the picture of a man—the man of the lost yesterdays. There was Richard the Lion Hearted, and Villon, and Launcelot, and it was the cloak of romance about them that made feminine hearts soften—and yield."

"And she must read love verses curled up in a big chair, with her feet dangling over its arm. . . ."

"I simply love to read verses like that—especially at twilight, when your thoughts can go back to the sweethearts of yesterday—to your first sweetheart and the columbine and moonlight nights in May. . . ."

"And she must have a warm heart, this bungalow girl. . . ."

"Isn't mine warm?" lisped my little companion. "Eros waves his magic torch and with it warms the hearts of all the world. . . ."

"She must be a real girl," I insisted. "In fact something of a tomboy."

"And know the joy of pyjamas, the rosy, restless-limbed girl of today! True enough she froths 'em 'round with lace and ties them at her silken ankles with ribbon, and makes them of sentimental blue and baby-pink and



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The World and His Wife

sunny yellow, and no man would ever know them for the ugly things they've been. But I just love to play to stretch in silk pyjamas. This is the day of the real girl."

Our steps unconsciously had led us to the door of a little French café, and it was the most natural thing in the world for us to sit down at one of the green tables.

A pair of brown



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The Cynic



There Is No Middle Gate





Nell Brinkley

eyes glanced coquettishly at me over the cup.

"Dangerous eyes!" I thought. Did you ever see a girl's eyes suddenly lifted over the white rim of her cup as she drank?—the soft eyelids down—under their fringes the fan-shaped cup hiding mouth and nose. There is something about the gaze that calls and stirs.

"... and she must be in love with love," I went on after a pause.

"As when," she said, "a rustle of alighting wings creeps in your ears; as when your head is drawn back, as you sit dreaming, and two velvet and steel hands are closed over your eyes, and a silvery voice crows, 'Guess who!' ... Then you smile and name the stranger whose name is unknown, and you say with beating heart; 'I know you—you are LOVE!'"

And as she spoke I seemed to hear a flutter of wings; to see a roguish face with a dimpled mouth peeping over her shoulder; I seemed to see two plump little hands clasped around her dreamy eyes.

"Isn't she a little love!" I exclaimed.

The hurdy-gurdy had ceased playing and had moved on up the street. The shadows were falling and a chill wind was stirring. The birds that had been busy with their



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Keep Your Eyes in Your Cup!

bungalow had flown away. The suggestion of early spring had vanished. There was a slight rustle at my feet. The Cupid's wings? No; it was only the evening paper with a Nell Brinkley girl, surrounded by Loves and Venuses, smiling up at me from its folds.



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Love Is Blind

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Before Adam-and After

By Hugh D. Rankin



"Why did that submarine officer keep calling you 'Tuna'?"
"Oh, I don't know. He said Tuna was the chicken of the sea."



MAINTAINING THE PROPRIETIES

Sally Stoneage: "No, you can't come in now. Lizzie Lizard is changing her skin."



Adoration.



Stephan *and* Living

OF a softness that almost suggests living flesh are the marbles of Stephan Sinding, the Norwegian sculptor. They have an intensely human quality and an appeal that is irresistible. Many critics regard his work as unsurpassed by the best of the classics, and no one can deny that in pure sentiment and beauty these figures are incomparable. One famous French critic has compared Sinding with Rodin.

In the historic old city of Trondhjem, Norway, a city founded in 997 by one of Norway's national heroes, King Olav Tryggvason, Sinding spent his youth. He grew up in the shadow of the thirteenth-century cathedral which for many years was the scene of the coronation ceremonies of Norway's kings. As he matured, his mind was filled with the wonder stories of the



May

Sinding *his* Marbles

Vikings; his eye with the beauties of early Gothic architecture and sculpture.

It was these early influences that later cropped out in the Valhalla friezes which at the instance of his Mæcenas and friend, Jacobsen of Copenhagen, a wealthy brewer, he executed for the Glyptotheca founded by the latter and which it required seventeen years to finish. This work, as well as his valkyries and other mythical figures, is strictly national in character, and to some extent influenced by Thorwaldsen's classic has-reliefs. Sinding's later travels and studies in the art centers of Europe broadened his mind and gave him a perfect technique, but thawed his more or less cold idealism, and imparted a magic touch to his marbles. One of the most exquisite of these is "Night."



Widowed



Love



Night

Fugitive Verse

PERNICIOUS ACTIVITY

HOW doth the busy submarine
Improve each shining hour
By sinking all the ships which come
Within its active power.
How doth it prowl beneath the sea
Each moment with the hope
Another victim it may spy
Through its sure periscope.

How doth it get all ready when
Its prey comes in its sight,
To shoot torpedoes at the same
With tremulous delight;
And how it dives beneath the waves
When danger doth appear,
For it is not a hero craft,
But one which runs with fear.

Now all good men await the day
When tables will be turned,
And when a fate of dread, 'tis true,
But one most worthy earned,
A fate which thrusts in darkness down
Where never more 'tis seen,
Sweeps in sure triumph from the seas
This busy submarine.

—Baltimore American.

NIGHT SONG

IN the heavens the earth is nestling
Softly bathed in starry light;
On the gleaming earth a garden
Sleepeth sweet, all flower-bedight.
Dear earth, good night!

In the garden stands a cottage
Girt with vine and glimmering white;
And a dark-winged bird is warbling,
'Neath the window, soft good night.
Dear cot, good night!

In the chamber dreams a maiden,
Dreams of flowers all fairy-bright;
Pure and peaceful beats her bosom—
Angels guard her through the night!
Dear love, good night!

—Sydney Bulletin.

THE GODS THAT YOUTH LOVES

O H, I have loved the cheeks of May,
And sought the eyes of Flo,
Have worshiped at the lips of Fay;
Till, with my years, I know
That charms will fade, and beauties fly.
Because the gods that youth loves die!

I've lived within a golden dream,
Have felt ambition strong,
And high intentions, like a stream,
Have swept my days along:
I view them not without a sigh—
Alas, the gods that youth loves die!

Like myths from times when earth was
young,
And Jove was still alive,
To grace a song that may be sung,
My memories survive—
Sweet, pleasant things! I know not why,
But all the gods that youth loves die.

—Sydney Bulletin.

THE PAINS OF PATRIOTISM

Pretty young girl-conductors are quickly developing double chins. It is the chin-strap that does it.—
Daily Paper.

PRISCILLA is busy with war-work,
Conducting a 'bus up the Strand;
In peace-time she used to abhor work,
But now she declares it is grand;
And yet though she sticks to her mission
Of manfully doing her bit,
A horrible haunting suspicion
Pursues her, to wit:

The chin-strap she wears when on duty
Is causing her chin to increase
In a way that is fatal to beauty—
Priscilla is praying for Peace!
So now when I happen to meet her
Ensnconed on her 'bus, in the din
Of the traffic, I cheerily greet her
With . . . "Double chin-chin!"

—Punch.



Man to Man

TWO STIRRING WAR PICTURES



A Cottage in France

BY LONDON GRAPHIC ARTISTS

Jerry The

Jacques Constant



I WAS born at the bottom of a coal bin in Picadilly. Possibly that was why I was as black as Beelzebub. It was this protective coloring, perhaps, that saved me from the cruel fate of the rest of my litter—saved me from being thrown into the Thames to float, paws up, on its nasty waters.

One morning the cook, regardless of my mother's plaintive miaows, grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, decorated me with a red ribbon, and carried me away in a market basket. I presently found myself in Kensington, and by peeping through a hole in the cover of my prison, managed to make out a poster in which a strapping Tommy was seen winking one eye over the legend: "Boys, are you going to fold your arms, now that the country needs you?"

My destination was the boudoir of Miss Mabel, and a few moments later I was digging my little claws, which were as sharp as needles, into my mistress' dimpled arm, while she was covering me with caresses and calling me pet names, like her "little flower."

My hour of fate struck not long afterward. I was now a delicious little kitten, a roly-poly ball of black silk, with a rosy

War Mascot

in La Baionnette

nose and eyes of jade. I had become so accustomed to soft rugs and dainty draperies that I had quite forgotten my humble origin in the coal bin.

That day Miss Mabel seemed rather nervous and absent-minded. She crocheted abstractedly, her eyes fixed on the gilt face of the clock with the cupids on it on the mantelpiece. She sighed. Why hadn't her Charlie come? He was so late today. Finally, as the half hour chimed, Charlie arrived. His complexion was like strawberries and cream (yum, yum!), hut in his blue eyes, otherwise so merry, there was an expression of seriousness. All the boys on his football team, he explained, had joined the colors, and he himself was to leave London the next morning for the Maidstone training camp.

Miss Mabel had risen, her face betraying her emotion. From where I had heen nestling I could feel her heart beat rapidly. Her gentle eyes were dim with tears, and she was trembling. In getting up my mistress unconsciously allowed her light peignoir to drop, rather to my discomfiture, for I had been concealed under its folds, but much to the delight of Charlie, who saw half revealed some maidenly charms





F. LORENZI in *La Balonnette*, Paris

THE EPAULETTE OF LOVE

No Officer Receiving His Commission could be so Charmed as the Humble Soldier Who Removes from His Letter This Perfumed Ribbon Redolent of the Girl Who Waits for Him at Home

usually supposed to be hidden. I could see that she was deeply in love with this big, graceful boy, and that she reproached herself for having teased him and for having refused to listen to his timid declarations.

"Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed. "I'm so sorry."

And she purred the word "sorry" so as to make it sound more sympathetic. "But I am proud of you, too," she added.

"You love me a little, then?"

"Did you ever doubt it?"

"You make me very happy," Charlie told her.

"You give me courage to ask you for something . . . I would like—pardon my boldness—something intimate, something delicately associated with you, something that would always remind me of you, something to be my mascot."

At this point of the conversation, I started to climb up my mistress's silk-stockinged legs, a proceeding which very much embarrassed her, I fear. She extricated me—again to the delight of Charlie, always grateful at the revelation of his sweetheart's hidden charms, though what he saw in them I never could discover.

She reflected for a moment, blushing. Would it be, perhaps, a garter, a perfumed shoulder band, or the little sachet bag from her bosom? Then matters took an unexpected turn. Tenderly giving me a farewell kiss, she handed me to Charlie with the words, "Take him, my darling. I will give you Jerry. They say that a black cat brings luck."

In this way I became a war cat. I entered with enthusiasm into the military life at Maidstone, and discovered that there were many other mascots besides me. There were, for instance, horrid dogs, a pig or two, geese, lovely white mice, and even monkeys. One of the pigs, I remember, belonged to an aviator, and one day he



NAM in
La Blasonette,
Paris

-After All,
We are Their
Best Mascottes

and the pilot fell 5,000 feet. Piggy confided to me afterward that he was glad at the time he was a mascot, or there would have been no hope for him. But, after all, as Miss Mabel once told me, they, the girls, were the soldiers' best mascots.

I lived well on condensed milk, bully beef, and biscuits, and became the pet of the regiment. I had quite forgotten Kensington and my pretty mistress, but evidently she never forgot me, for in her letters she sent hundreds of kisses, supposedly for me, but in reality for Charlie. He, in his turn, sent his love "by way of Jerry."

The training done, we crossed the channel into France, and at last Charlie and I made the acquaintance of the mud of Flanders. When the Boche shells began to whistle I would curl up on my master's shoulder. At night I slept in the trenches, rolled up in a warm ball on his old dolman. One day I found myself a hero. It was because my nose very suddenly became blue and the surgeon noticed it.

"Quick, boys! Your masks!" he cried. "The gas is coming!"

Thus, I saved the life of the entire company, and became more of a favorite than ever.

Well, even a mascot cannot always be infallible, and the day came when despite all my influence, Charlie was struck by bursting shrapnel, and fell groaning. I would willingly have given him five or six of my nine lives could it have helped. But they took him away in a motor ambulance, and I had the utmost difficulty finding him again. It was the only time in my life that I regretted not being a dog, for the task would have been comparatively easy for a canine.

How I finally reached the hospital I never knew, nor did anyone else know, though everybody wondered at it. I was a rather disreputable looking cat when I arrived, for I think a bullet had glanced off from my shoulder, and then, I had had nothing to eat for days.

But I was rewarded well for my faithfulness, for I found Charlie very white in bed, his head all bandaged up, and with Miss Mabel bending over him. Dirty as I was, I leaped up on the counterpane and purred gently while I licked my master's face.

"Jerry, my dear little fellow!" he exclaimed, half crushing me in his delight.

Between me and Miss Mabel he cheered up wonderfully, and it was I, as a matter of fact, who brought them together.

Oblivious of each other, they both began petting me until I was nearly smothered under their caresses. Their hands met in the silky meshes of my fur, and lingered there.

"You wouldn't have such a battered up old boy as I am?" Charlie said.

"Well, WOULDN'T I?" said Mabel.

Then they both tried to kiss me at once with the result that their lips met—and lingered.



Cat Decorations by Gerda Wegener in La Baionnette

FARM
HANDS
WANTED



J. Raglan Patchmore on the War

John T. McCutcheon
in Chicago Tribune

THE genial spring sunshine brought many things out in the park—buds, flowers, birds, crowds of people, including Mr. J. Raglan Patchmore—and last, but not least, many hundreds of little angle worms that wriggled happily up into the soothing warmth of the open air.

It was Mr. Patchmore's first day out after months of intensive sedentary life, and his face radiated, among other things, a look of peaceful enjoyment and happiness.

The lure of the broad, grassy spaces of Grant Park had been too strong to resist and, by rallying all his energies into one supreme effort, he had walked all the way across from State Street to the park, a distance of over two blocks, in a fraction under two hours of actual marching.

When found by a reporter he was established in a congenial cloud of Illinois Central smoke, where, thanks to his protective coloring, he was safe from the eyes of the park police.

They knew he was somewhere to windward, but couldn't tell within a mile exactly where.

"My plans?" said Mr. Patchmore, as he took a cigar from his pocket and relighted it. "I have made no definite plans for the summer. I presume, however, I shall remain in the city until the bathing season opens and then hurry out in the country until farm hands are needed. Then I'll hurry back to the city."

"What do you think of the new city administration, Mr. Patchmore?"

"It has its weak points as well as its strong points. For example, I hear that the police threaten to make a thorough clean-up in the city, while, on the other hand, I

hear that the new health commissioner is opposed to bathing. So you see I don't know what to think. I'm divided in my opinion."

The reporter, desiring to cheer Mr. Patchmore up, suggested that employment would soon be given to every man out of work. The suggestion had the opposite effect, however, for a great cloud of melancholy descended upon the Apostle of Physical Inertia. It being a delicate subject, the reporter changed it to a less harrowing topic.

"What do you think of the war?"

"You may quote me as saying that it is very bad. It is terrible to think of all those men standing in water all day long, and of ships being blown up so that people are thrown into the sea and get all covered with water! O, it's too awful to contemplate!"

"And now I hear that new horrors are to follow. Europe is going on the water wagon!"



Patchmore Will Leave Country



Horrors of War

Mr. Patchmore's eyes became glassy as he contemplated the dreadful tragedy of war, and it was not until the reporter had administered a dime that he recovered his good humor.

"What do you think of the business outlook, Mr. Patchmore?"

"It is much better now than it was five

minutes ago," he responded, gayly. "I was very pessimistic about the outlook a little while ago, but now the business horizon has cleared and prosperity has come at last. When I have invested this dime the business horizon will look positively radiant."

A wistful look came in Mr. Patchmore's eyes as he looked across the park toward



Dawn of Patchmore Prosperity



Patchmore to Windward



Trying to Cheer Him Up

the place where he contemplated investing his money. He became obsessed with the thought of his investment, and the interviewer had great difficulty in holding his attention.

"When do you think the war will end, Mr. Patchmore?" queried the scribe.

"I certainly hope so," answered the King of Absolute Repose, his thoughts obviously elsewhere.

The reporter made another attempt.

"We're looking for some big moves very

soon," he said. "The Spring drive will begin again about the first of May, and we may be sure there will be some gigantic moves on the great chessboard of war very soon."

"There'll be one move very soon!" shouted Mr. Patchmore, springing to his feet. "It's moving day and I'm moving!"

With that he dashed madly across the park, and when last seen was hurrying through some swinging doors with his dime in his hand.



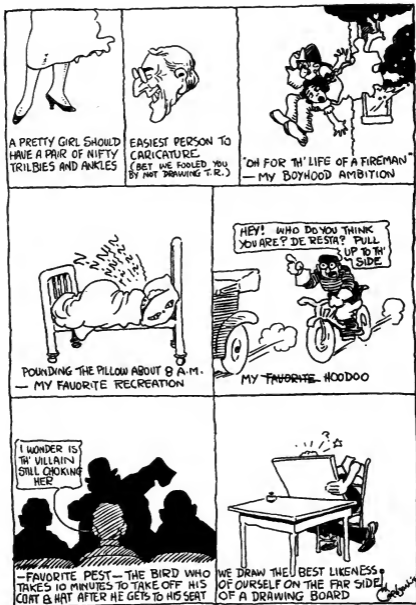
Moving Day for Patchmore





THE CARTOONISTS' CONFSSIONAL

Will Ourcadie, of Portland, Me., Likes to Draw Bunny Rabbits for His Little Daughter.
The Name of the Young Lady in the Circle Is Barbara



THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

Carlson, Who Draws for the Movies, Has His Own Ideas of Pretty Girls, but Doesn't Show Enough

I to be a pirate.



My Boyhood Ambition

*The man who leans over
your shoulder while you
work.*



My Favorite Pest

*My Idea of a
Pretty Girl*



The Canadian Girl

PLEASE SIR I
HAVE A WIFE
AND FORTY
CHILDREN WOT
AINT EATEN
NOTHINK FOR
TWO MONTHS



*My Favor-
ite Hoodoo*

*Have never
accumulated
enough egotism
to cartoon
myself*

—A.G. RACEY—

*An Easy
Caricature
Subject*



*My Favorite
Recreation*



*William the
non-conqueror*

THE CARTOONISTS' CONFESSIONAL

A. G. Racey, of the Montreal Star, Naturally Thinks Canadian Girls Are Prettiest
—and They Are Pretty



A FITTING SELF-SACRIFICE

Lady X: "What is this 'in aid of' for, Constance?"
 Countess C: "Oh, haven't you heard? To provide clothing for the prisoners of war, my dear!"—
 The Bystander.

Levity, the

Some One Did

Charged with being drunk and disorderly, a man was brought into the municipal court a few days ago.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Sandy MacPherson."

"Who bought you the liquor?"—The Elevated News.

Dyspeptic Moses

"Mother, did Moses have the same pains after dinner that Pa's got?"

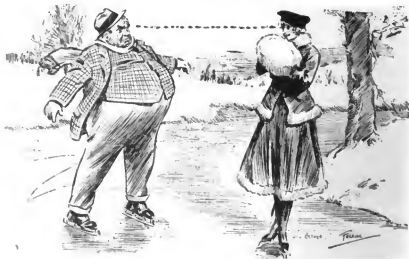
"Gracious me, Tommy, what do you mean?"

"Well, it says here the Lord gave Moses two tablets."—Exchange.

Real Forebodings

"My son," said the father, impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why," said the son, irreverently, "I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?"—Michigan Tradesman.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE

"In learning to skate, Uncle, always remember to watch your feet."—The Passing Show.

Soul of Wit

Not His Fault

He joined the army at the outbreak of the war. From "somewhere in France" he wrote home that among other things he had had a D. C. M.

When he came home on a short furlough, to his surprise the mayor, councilors and town band met him at the station and conveyed him to the town hall for a banquet.

Speechless, he went through everything.

During the course of his speech the mayor said how proud they all were of him, and that he fully deserved the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Then a light appeared in the "hero's" eyes.

"Distinguished Conduct Medal!" he said. "What they gave me was a District Court Martial for pinchin' a chicken!"—Tit-Bits.



COMPLETING HER COLLECTION

Peggy: "People think it is awfully good of her to marry him. He has an artificial arm and an artificial leg."

Betty: "Yes, about the only artificialities she hasn't got herself."—Sydney Bulletin.

The Officah: "Why don't you salute? Can't you see I'm an officer?"

The Billjim: "You're lucky. I'm only a bally private."—Sydney Bulletin.



"Have you brought me any souvenirs?"

"Only this little bullet that the doctor took out of my side."

"I wish it had been a German helmet."—Punch.



She: "I don't know where my head could have been when I promised to marry you."
 He: "I'll tell you; it was on my shoulder, dear."
 Numero.

PEARLS FROM THE PRESS

"Mr. George's car arrived at his front door at 6:45."
 "Princess Mary is wearing her big fur coat again."
 —Daily Paper.

ROUMANIA'S ruth and Serbia's woe
 Should not disturb us—oh, dear no!—
 Far greater acts conspire to thrall
 The restless public, one and all.
 Bill Kaiser and his ugly crew
 Are petty, from the point of view
 Which measures time, secure and sure,
 When George's motor gains the door.

And, 'mid the din of battle strife,
 There's still a tit-bit for the wife,
 Before it other things fade pale—
 Just like a quart of beer gone stale.
 In all the muddle and the mess,
 How good to hear that one Princess,
 Disdaining dull convention's train,
 Puts on her big fur coat again!

—London Opinion.



Doctor: "Do you know anything about hypodermic injection?"
 V. A. D. Nurse (late of Frivolity Theater): "Rather! That's how I used to poison
 a cabinet minister every night in 'Lady Camberley's Flat.'"—Punch.



MAB TREEBY in *The Bystander*, London

THE CONSCRIPT

6 A. M.: Clothilda Prepares to Answer the Call of the Munition Hooter



WHEN the late Eugene Field penned those exquisitely pathetic lines to "Little Boy Blue," he touched the heartstrings of every loving parent. Since our adoption of the automobile, however, everything flavors of a gasoline epoch, under which such profound pathos has given way to more modern and commercialized sentiment. Hence, were Field alive and writing verse today, his immortal lines respecting the little tin soldier might take such form as this:

OUR LITTLE TIN FORD

Our little tin Ford, all covered with
dust,
In its little garage now stands.
And its four little spark plugs are red
with rust,
And idle on our hands.
Time was when our little tin Ford
was new,
And its carburetor worked passing
fair;
But that was before gasoline went
up—
Then we cursed it and put it there!

OUR canning system has reached such a stage of perfection that one may procure anything from tinned chicken braise to grass widows. The time is nearly in sight when we may ask for a four-room flat and receive it in a can, all furnished and ready for housekeeping. Years ago, when we bought a can of oily minnows labeled



PHILOSOPHY

by ZIM.



sardines, we looked upon it as a wonderful innovation. But I will not be surprised to find some day our colleges gone into the canning business and their professors soldering up intellect to be delivered direct to the homes of students. This will be tough on the student, for it will deprive him of his cherished cane rushes and such tomfoolery which goes with every topnotch education. Yet, I have heard that many institutions already contemplate "canning" the cane rush and other elevating adjuncts and by-products of campus life. So there is really no need of getting discouraged. The ingenuity of man will figure out a way in which a complete education may be had by way of a tin can.



TYPISTS, like poets, are born, not made, and the poet who can punch the typewriter is doubly blest. I am no poet and much less a typist. A business man with only one shift of help sometimes finds himself without a typist when he is sorely pressed, and must turn his hand to the lower arts to keep his business intact and on the move. It was at such a juncture that I was nearly pinched for exceeding the speed limit. My register showed that I had been traveling at the rate of four inches in the remarkably short space of twenty minutes, reeling off six entire words and embracing many commas, quotation marks and semicolons. I do not chew gum, else I could have performed a greater feat. All

YOU DON'T
MEAN THAT!

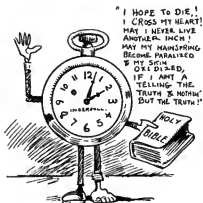


GIT!
HOME!



THE SEASON'S
CLOSED THANK
GOODNESS!





expert typists, I believe, chew gum. It is an accomplishment of which I cannot boast. Typewriters, I think, have souls (I mean the machines!) that are stirred or inspired by the fingers that fondle them. There must be a feeling of unity between manipulator and machine to reel off words in a fluent flow. I can shovel coal or mop a floor to perfection, or run errands for neighbors, but I cannot compel the typewriter to respond to my delicate touch as readily as the shovel and mop stick.

TIME and again have I implored my wife to save the family bones for my favorite dog. The dog isn't worth worrying about, that's true, but I haven't the heart to let a hungry pup like him tag me around town, because we don't match up well in appearance. I believe dogs can pick out desirable owners better than owners can pick out desirable dogs. You'll seldom find a hungry-looking cur warming up to a hungry-looking individual unless there's lunch sticking out of his pocket. Well, as I was about to articulate, the wife says she never thinks of dogs when she is about to cast the family bones into the ash container. Now, any person who cannot see a close relationship between a dog and a bone is blest with an abundant lack of judgment, and I should advise him to rehearse those two words—Bone—Dog—Bone—Dog—as diligently as he attends to his prayers until he can at least repeat them in the dark with his eyes closed.

ALTHOUGH I have a calendar in every room and several in the wastebasket, I never pretend to keep tab on special days or dates. That is part of the wife's duties. When she pulls forth the clothes basket and strings up the line, I know we are approaching wash day. Again, when she lugs the porch chairs into the cellar and fetches in the horse block and doormat, I begin to realize that it's Halloween. Thus she relieves my mind of much care and forethought.

ALAS, the rabbit season is done and I shall feel immune from further surveillance for at least a few months ere my trail is again taken up by hawk-eyed game protectors. I am absolutely tired of being dogged and shadowed about the hills and woodland like an escaped convict and forced to exhibit my license which divulges my age and habits and exposes the location of my birthmarks and other family weaknesses. Your letters of credit, your testimonials or written introductions signed by the president of your local bank are of no avail when the game and fish hawkshaw gets after you. You're breathing a different atmosphere when you're in the society of a hound and gun and your worldly identity



cuts no ice at such times. You leave your overtaxed estate with the full knowledge and the self-satisfied belief that you are somebody, but if you are not up in the ethics of hunting, you're not much bigger than thirty cents in Canadian coin. I have been held up so often by these sleuths that I have added a Bible and confession blanks to my outfit to save the trouble of being lugged off to the justice of the peace to swear to my own identity.

THE prevailing system of weights and measures is based on penuriousness. The lines are too closely drawn for so generous a nation as ours. When I was a lad and picked cherries on shares for the neighbors, there was no "pound of flesh" in our dealings. My share of the plucked fruit consisted of a full half of all in sight and all that the stomach could hold without causing discomfort, and no question ever arose as to false bottoms in either pail or stomach. Apples were more free in my day than ever they were in the garden of Eden. No pitchforked guardian angel ever drove the boys from his orchard with threats of violence or arrest. I had a pair of overalls then that held just a half bushel of greenings when I stood inside of them and had the bottoms tied close around my ankles. No state sealer ever disputed this fact with me and by this means I kept the family in apple sass all winter. I was so accurate in those days in my guess of weight and measure that I could bite off a net quarter pound from the corner of a card of honey with ease and certainty. I used to do this often for the sake of experiment. But the old times are past and the government has grown into a body of skeptics which sends around (honest) politicians to see that no overalls are used in lieu of standard measures.

IT is the general supposition that country districts are littered with numbskulls. City folks fancy the average farmer's wife a common, ordinary, uneducated, unintelligent, and uninteresting female, but man alive! you have only to go among farmers to discern your error. There you will find more intelligent ex-schoolmarm's draped over the washtubs of farmer-boy husbands than you can shake a stick at. You see, a rural school-teacher has the bulge on the city instructor inasmuch as she has the pick of her entire institution for a life lean-to, and when once she is yoked up to her lantern-jawed affinity she never again needs to apply for a job to that fossilistic and bewiskered bunch known as the school trustees. Her lord and master, you can bet, will see that she doesn't run shy on work!

IS it not a breach of confidence when your cherished watch lies to you about the time of day? I adopted such a misdemeanor some twenty-odd years ago, not knowing that every time I consulted it it was lying to me. When one can place no dependence in this bosom companion it behooves him to cast it off. I have spent more good money in an effort to reform this habitual prevaricator than some devoted fathers squander on wayward sons, and have accomplished about as much. My watch was never intended to move among the rank and file of labor. Its falling into my hands was a dire misfortune. It has every attribute of a lazy disposition and should be surrounded by fabulous wealth and abundant idleness, for I have never known it, in our twenty-odd years' acquaintance, to put in a full day's work in my behalf. I have allowed it an entire month's leave of absence and sent it to the watch shop to associate with other watches in the hope of mending its ways, but to no avail.



Whan That Aprille



BRIGGS in New York Tribune
When a Feller Needs a Friend



STARRETT in New York Tribune
A Sure Sign of Spring



TEMPLE in Cleveland Plain Dealer
Gee! This Ain't No Fun!



THOMAS in Detroit News

Spring Is in the Air

With His Shoures Sote



MAY in Cleveland Leader

The Optimist

CORY in Brooklyn
Chase

"Howdy, people!
See you Monday!"



BERRYMAN in Washington Star

These Uncertain Days

DONANEY in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Why Mother Missed Her House Plant and Grandpa
Thought It Was Spring

What the Cartoonists are Doing

Cartoons by Bradley

FROM the press of Rand, McNally & Co. comes "Cartoons by Bradley," a collection of 100 or more picture editorials by the late cartoonist of the Chicago Daily News. Some of the artist's earlier work is reproduced in the volume. There is a charming cartoon, "The Magic River," inspired by Mark Twain's death. There are one or two of the famous "charter" cartoons, in which Chicago is represented as a long-legged, spindling girl, in bad need of a proper costume.

A biographical sketch by Henry J. Smith, and an appreciation of Bradley as a cartoonist by Charles H. Dennis, give some interesting sidelights on the early life and character of the cartoonist. Mr. Dennis, managing editor of the News, and Mr. Smith, assistant managing editor, were for many years associated with Mr. Bradley in his work. From the biography we quote the following:

"One hears of Luther Bradley growing up in Evanston, a boy with brown wavy hair and dancing brown eyes, who shot up presently to an astonishing height, and who had just the best time a boy can have. His father encour-

aged him to be athletic, and to make things, and to be a manly fellow. That was a father worth having: one who could beat the fellows jumping, and who could do nice carpentry work, and who kept a little astronomical observatory in the back yard, with a real telescope.

"It is not hard to believe that the house was full of laughter, of April showers, and of quaint ambitions. But it was also full of Luther's boy friends, and his playthings and their playthings; and there were always his dogs and theirs trooping through. Luther loved his sisters, but neither he nor his pursuits were dominated by them. He had his own especial pleasures, such as pigeon shooting south of Evanston, in regions now covered by apartment buildings and business blocks, or

exploring wild places west of the Skokie, or driving old Frank, the family's amiable white horse, through the Wilmette forests."

There is a lot more about his college days and his travels and adventures. The book also contains some early verse of his, written for the Yale Literary Magazine while he was a student at New Haven.



The Magic River

One of Mr. Bradley's earlier cartoons inspired by the death of Mark Twain.



LUTE PEASE

Cartoonist of the Newark Evening News

BERRYMAN'S BANQUET CARTOONS

Cartoons by Clifford K. Berryman were liberally scattered through the pages of the *Morning Star*, the miniature edition of the *Washington Star*, which appears only on the occasion of the annual banquet given by that newspaper. The dinner took place recently at the Raleigh Hotel. Mr. Berryman was toastmaster, and among those present were Chief Justice White, Secretary McAdoo, of the treasury, Secretary Daniels, of the navy, Secretary Lane of the interior, Secretary Redfield, of commerce, Champ Clark speaker of the house, members of the judiciary and congress, Washington newspaper correspondents, and others. As it is a rule at these banquets that no speeches are allowed, the articles and cartoons in the *Morning Star* took the place of the conventional entertainment. Among Mr. Berryman's subjects were "Uncle Joe" Cannon with his inevitable stogie, Congressman Kitchin, Secretary Lane, and Judge Pitney.

Frank Garnier, the French artist, has opened a studio in New York, and is doing illustrated titles for the movies.

IRELAND AND BOB WHITE

After a fight of five years in behalf of Ohio's quail, Billy Ireland, cartoonist for the *Columbus Dispatch*, has succeeded in having a bill passed by the Buckeye legislature placing Bob White on the song-bird list for keeps. The vote in favor of the bill was practically unanimous. Last year Ireland managed to secure a closed season, but he feels as if his object in life was attained now that the quail is to enjoy the same status as the robin.

Ireland won his fight with pictures. He began by showing the qualities of the bird as the farmer's friend. He drew sympathy and love into the cartoons one day, and brutal savagery into them the next. He showed the bird aiding the nation, and showed again the cruelty of the shotgun in the hands of the sportsman. He ridiculed the powder trust, and paid tribute to the boys and girls who build bird-houses. Day in and day out he made the most impressive cartoons that have been seen in Ohio or any other state, and he had the members of the legislature trembling in their boots, in a sense, lest he turn his pen toward them and portray them in caricature. Ireland loves sport, but loves Bob White better.



Uncle Joe Cannon

Secretary McAdoo

Representative Kitchin

Three Sketches Made by Berryman for the *Washington Star's* Annual Banquet Souvenir

How The Futurist Artists Look



Impressionist Picture of Broadway by Albert Gleizes



Albert Gleizes



Marcel Duchamp

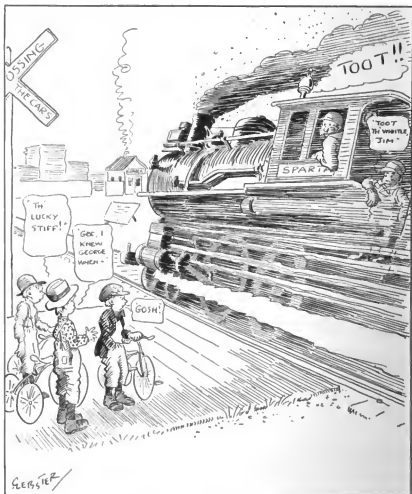


Gene Crotti

These French Futurist Artists Are Now Guests of New York

Our Boyhood Ambitions

By H.T. Webster



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

George W. Rehse, Cartoonist of the New York World, Once Wanted to Be a Brave Locomotive Engineer So He could Toot the Whistle When Passing the Gang Which Had Velocipedes, One of Which He Hadn't



TOURAINE in La Baionnette, Paris

THE NEWLY-RICH

He: "I came to Paris barefooted, and I don't blush over it."

She: "Indeed! You'd have a hard time trying to."

This was the last drawing sent by Touraine to La Baionnette. Touraine was his nom de plume. As an airman, M. Bonnalont fell gloriously for France, Oct. 26.



Carey C. Orr

ORR WITH THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE NOW

Carey Orr, who for the past five years has been cartoonist for the Nashville Tennessean, has joined the staff of the Chicago Tribune. Whether or not he will supplant John T. McCutcheon, who prefers big-game shooting, honeymooning on tropic islands, and following the lure of the war god in various parts of the world, remains to be seen. It is rumored that McCutcheon wishes to retire from the cartoon game and remain with the Tribune as war correspondent. The date of his return to Chicago is more or less indefinite, for at last accounts McCutcheon had left "Treasure Island," his paradise in the Bahamas, and gone to Cuba to visit the revolution.

The new Tribune cartoonist was born on an Ohio farm. His early years in this environment have enabled him to portray life with the home flavor characteristic of the work of Briggs and Donahey.

It was the great American game of baseball that played a really important rôle in boosting Orr into the ranks of the country's foremost cartoonists. He was a favorite player in school and this led him into

professional ranks. He made a record over several eastern minor league circuits and this gave him a bank roll to finish his art education with a course in the Chicago Art Institute.

BRADLEY'S SUCCESSOR

Ted Brown, who has taken the place of the late Luther D. Bradley as cartoonist of the Chicago Daily News, did his first cartoon work in Alaska, where he found himself during the Klondike gold rush in 1897-8. He spent three winters and four summers knocking around the various mining camps of that country, prospecting during the summer months, and "mushing" a dog team on the Yukon during the winter. He returned to "God's country" with a lot of experience and a tobacco pouch with a little gold dust in the bottom of it.

Mr. Brown was born in Stillwater, Minn., and attended the Central High school of Minneapolis. Prior to joining the art staff of the Daily News he did commercial work in St. Louis and Minneapolis. He is the creator of a comic strip called "The Inventor."



Ted Brown



A Friend in Need



Spring



IN GREAT DANGER
Columbia in the Coils of British-American High Finance



THE MIGHTY GERMAN FIST
"Two tons of artificial teeth have been shipped monthly to the allies since the beginning of the war."

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

Four Representative Cartoons by Rosenberg of the Chicagoer Abendpost



"CARTOONS" ON THE BORDER

Sergeant M. K. Butler and Corporal Ed. Griffith, of Troop A., First Colorado Cavalry, Stationed at Brownsville, Tex., Enjoy Cartoons Magazine

NEW YORK NOTES

Irving Politzer is making cartoons for the Animated Advertising Co. of New York. He is a member of the Harris Art Society.

Lawrence ("Tarry") Semon, former sports cartoonist for the New York Sun, is now director general of the Vitagraph comedies. He has left New York to join the Vitagraph colony in California.

Dick Boyle, a former football star at Syracuse University, and until recently the sports cartoonist of the Boston Post, is now with the Harvard Film Company of New York.

Norman Gale of Los Angeles is drawing for the Wheeler syndicate of New York.

Milton Gross has left the New York Journal for the free lance game.

WOMAN HATER CLUB DISBANDS

With the marriage on March 3 of Robert M. Brinkerhoff, cartoonist of the New York Evening Mail, to Miss Edna Patterson, Gotham's favorite choir singer, a woman hater club which has been in existence for six years, disbanded. The membership of this organization consisted of three—Brinkerhoff, H. T. Webster, the New York Globe cartoonist, and Ray Rohn, the illustrator. Today Rohn is the last leaf on the tree—the last of the Mohicans, the last little Indian, and he, too, so the gossips say, has been sneaking into the Brevoort at tea-time with something easy to look at dangling on his arm.

Webster was the first to renounce his vows of celibacy when about eight months ago Miss Ethel Woerts, of Toledo, a girl after Annette Kellerman's heart, came to New York, saw, and conquered. "Brink," who himself once had been doomed to live in Toledo, was the *deus ex machina* who brought them together, and did so, apparently, with malice aforethought, for he, too, secretly had been disloyal and was even at the time engaged to his song bird.

When the trio came to New York, youths unknown to fortune and to fame, they pooled their interests and rented a studio apartment in Washington Heights, which is a long way from Washington Square, the center of horn-rimmed glasses, Elbert Hubbard ties, and long hair. Nothing was to interfere with their art, and hence the woman haters' club.

The Brinkerhoff-Patterson wedding was strictly a family affair. The ceremony was performed in the groom's new studio apartment in West Sixty-seventh street, the Rev. G. R. Lockwood officiating. This was followed by a breakfast at the Hotel Majestic. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Ray Rohn, Mr. and Mrs. O. O. McIntyre, and Mr. and Mrs. Jules Wellens. Mrs. Wellens is a sister of the bride.

Hence by taxicab to the pier where the happy couple embarked on a honeymoon trip to Havana.

Charlie Saxton, formerly of the Newark Call and New York American, is animating for the Pat Sullivan studios of New York.

DO YOU REMEMBER

THIS OLD CRAB?

by LOWRY



MCCUTCHEON IN PANAMA

John T. McCutcheon, the Chicago Tribune's cartoonist, who has been spending his honeymoon in West Indian waters, writes to a friend in Chicago of a visit to the Panama Canal and of the preparations the government is making to defend the waterway in case of trouble with Germany. Mr. McCutcheon was in Jamaica when the news of the diplomatic break came. He came near postponing his trip, but decided to sail for Colon. The canal forces, he says, have established stringent rules regarding visitors, but he was allowed to go aboard some of the U. S. submarines, which he says are pitifully small compared with the big German U-boats. He describes the arrest by American forces of the crews of the German ships now interned there. The Canal Zone, he states, is amply provisioned, but the defenses he considers inadequate. Mr. McCutcheon hints that in case of war trouble may be expected from Guatemala, Colombia, and other Latin-American states where the German influence predominates. The McCutcheons, after visiting Cuba, will return to Chicago about April 1.

CARTOONS FROM FAR AWAY

If you are a collector of cartoon books, here are two that will interest you. The first is a collection of cartoons from Hindi Punch, of Bombay, India, edited by Barjoree Nowrosjee; the second, "Cartoons of the Great War" by Herbert W. MacKinney, of the Cape Times, Capetown, South Africa.

In Hindi Punch the events of the last twelve months find their history recorded in the lighter vein, and in the peculiar style of the Hindoo artists. Like its older brother in England, Hindi Punch refuses to take life too seriously, but sets its ideas forth in jesting guise. It represents the loyal Indian point of view which fully coincides with the British. Naturally the kaiser comes in for a good share of attention.

Mr. MacKinney in his Cape Times cartoons shows himself not only a humorist but a fighter for the cause for which at the moment all civilization is fighting. The war naturally inspires most of his subjects, and his book will be an interesting addition to the volumes of pictorial matter which the great conflict has brought forth.



H. MIRANDE in Le Rire, © Paris

A PROPOS OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

"Well, I managed to scare up some dinner, but I had to pawn everything down to my skin."



Bingo! A Hit! Cleaned 'em all up. Don't ask for back numbers—they're all gobbled up, but get in line quick for the current issue; you can't afford to miss it, nor the following issues.

THE STUDENT ILLUSTRATOR

The magazine with a Punch; chock full of ideas—real practical ideas for students—cartoonists, designers, illustrators. Art students rave about the "Student Illustrator." Publishes and criticizes amateurs' work. Every phase of cartooning, newspaper, magazine, and commercial illustrating thoroughly covered by experts.

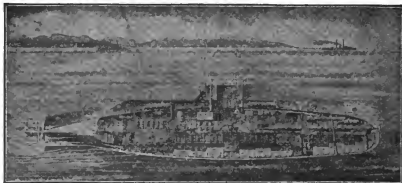
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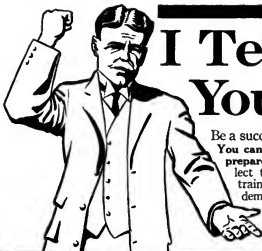
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